

The Apocalypse Element, by Stephen Cole

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[Part One]

(Spaceship landing. Beeps and unintelligible voices on comms.)

ENSAC : Monan time vessel initiating materialisation sequence.

TRINKETT: (a woman) If you mean, it's landing, Ensac, please, can't you just say so?

ENSAC: Shields reactivated, Monitor.

TRINKETT: My name is Trinkett. Please, Ensac, how many more times. Forget the Monitor stuff when it's just the two of us.

ENSAC: Yes, Mon, I mean. I'll try.

TRINKETT: Hmm. Inform our glorious leader his last visitors are arriving.

ENSAC: High Minister, this is Assistant Monitor Ensac in Central Control. Monan Host arrival imminent. Please proceed to berthing bay.

TRINKETT: This is Monitor Trinkett. Ceremonial escort to berthing bay confirm. I said, confirm.

SECURITY [OC]: Confirm, Control.

TRINKETT: The Minister will do the welcome bit. Just stand by to take them straight to the delegate's relaxation rooms, blue route. Confirm.

SECURITY [OC]: Same old routine. Confirm.

TRINKETT: Then you can go off shift. Enjoy. Out.

COMPUTER: Monan Host vessel materialising now. Repeat Monan

TRINKETT: Hardly seems real, does it?

ENSAC: What, twenty of the greatest powers in Space Time

TRINKETT: Yes, that. If we mess up here, it's not just our careers on the line. It could be

ENSAC: The end of civilisation as we know it?

TRINKETT: Or as we knew it. Or as we will know it. That's the wonderful thing about time travel capability, isn't it? You never know when retribution might pop along.

ENSAC: Monitor, they can't still think Archetryx had anything to do with (Alarms.)

TRINKETT: Tell me that isn't.

ENSAC: It is. Gravity wells again. Registering massive discharge.

TRINKETT: Damn it!

ENSAC: Eight point four, eight point seven. The largest surge yet.

TRINKETT: Isolate cause.

ENSAC: Interference across all frequencies. Scan breakdown.

TRINKETT: Engineering, this is Central Control. Report to gravity wells immediately. Immediately!

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

EVELYN: Oh. Anyone would think you travelled in a cocktail shaker, not a Police box. What was that we went through?

DOCTOR: That, Evelyn, was some kind of temporal disturbance. As if, well, as if something very large was tearing through the Vortex.

EVELYN: And we got caught up in its wake.

DOCTOR: If you like. Wonder where we are now?

EVELYN: I can tell you that. Boring old corridor.

DOCTOR: Insightful, certainly, but perhaps a more thorough investigation is in order, hmm?

(Distorted voices.)

EVELYN: What's that?

DOCTOR: One way to find out.

(Walking.)

(Panicking beings.)

VORNA: Please, delegates, I beseech you to remain calm.

MONAN: We were fools to entrust our safety to the people of Archetryx.

VORNA: There is no cause for alarm, Delegate. This is merely a minor (glass breaks) matter. In any

case, nothing can penetrate our defensive shield.

DOCTOR: Are you absolutely certain of that?

EVELYN: We seem to have slipped through happy as Larry.

VORNA: Intruders!

DOCTOR: It's rude to point, you know.

VORNA: Guards!

VANSELL: Commander Vorna, please.

DOCTOR: Oh, no. What's he doing here?

EVELYN: Doctor? Who is it?

VANSELL: Allow me a moment to explain, Commander, please. (continues under dialogue.)

DOCTOR: Coordinator Vansell. He's a Time Lord.

EVELYN: Like you.

DOCTOR: Not like me. He's a member of the Celestial Intervention Agency, self-serving and avaricious.

EVELYN: He seems to be saving our necks right now.

DOCTOR: So he can slip a noose about them himself. I wonder.

ENSAC: Power overload stabilising. Whew. Levels reducing.

TRINKETT: Did the engineers

ENSAC: They had nothing to do with it, Monitor.

TRINKETT: Engineering, report.

ENGINEER [OC]: (Scottish, of course) I'm not sure there's anything we can do here. The readouts are well within normal tolerance now.

TRINKETT: Check the power feeds anyway. I want a full report. Out. Damn things need a complete overhaul. Why will no one listen to me?

ENSAC: The High Minister did inspect the instrumentation banks personally only yesterday.

TRINKETT: Interfering busybody. Anyway, the problem's not in the instrumentation banks, anyone can see that.

(Beep! Angry sounds on comms.)

TRINKETT: Uh oh. Looks like Vorna's got her hands full in the Delegates suite. You'd better get down there and. Wait.

(Bubbling, beeping.)

TRINKETT: Ensac, we have a full record of every individual attending this conference?

ENSAC: Of course, Mon, er, I mean

TRINKETT: So who are those two?

VANSELL: I must apologise on behalf of the President of the High Council of Time Lords, Commander.

EVELYN: Can't he do it himself?

VORNA: Delegate Vansell, as you are well aware, these people have no authority to be present at the conference.

VANSELL: As I say, I must apologise, but the President never travels anywhere without his er, his personal staff.

DOCTOR: Personal staff?

VANSELL: He simply never thought to declare them.

EVELYN: I feel like duty free.

VORNA: You must understand. If the other powers assembled here discover the Time Lords are (pause) reinterpreting etiquette.

VANSELL: I am telling you the pure and simple truth, Commander. (continues under dialogue.)

EVELYN: Got to admire his bare-faced cheek.

DOCTOR: Essential character attribute for the Celestial Intervention Agency. Normally they're a pretty shadowy bunch, but for Vansell here to be escorting the President?

EVELYN: Just what is this conference about?

VORNA: Control must be informed, and the High Minister.

VANSELL: Of course.

DOCTOR: I'd quite like to be further informed myself.

VANSELL: Ah, here's the High Minister now. And that man's from Control, isn't he? Please, Commander Vorna, inform away.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, go with her. There's something wrong here, I can feel it.

EVELYN: In your bones or in your water?

DOCTOR: Which reminds me. Subtlety and discretion to be employed at all times.

EVELYN: Naturally. See you later, Doctor.

VANSELL: Doctor, I must speak with you immediately.

DOCTOR: And I you. Personal staff indeed.

(Hubbub of voices.)

ENSAC: A moment please, High Minister. (sotto) Vorna, who are these people?

VORNA: The Doctor and Miss

EVELYN: Evelyn.

VORNA: Are personal secretaries to the Time Lord President.

ENSAC: And no one thought to tell us? Get her over to Control and get the two of them processed before Trinkett goes berserk.

VORNA: Yes, Ensac. Evelyn, will you accompany me?

EVELYN: Lead on.

(Three beeps.)

ENSAC: Delegates, I present the High Minister of Archetrix, together with our final arrival, Delegate Nahal of the Monan Host.

MONAN: We commit ourselves to the ideals of the Temporal Treaty.

MINISTER: Well said, my friend Monan. Please accept my humblest apologies on behalf of all Archetrix for any distress the recent tremors may have afforded you. There is categorically no cause for alarm. This was an entirely natural phenomenon of no consequence.

(Door opens and closes.)

VANSELL: Your sense of timing is appalling, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm thrilled to see you, too.

VANSELL: Quickly, in here. Our quarters. We can talk safely here.

(Door opens and closes.)

VANSELL: But first I'll have your eyesore of a Tardis translocated to the berthing bay before the High Minister stumbles upon it and has a seizure.

DOCTOR: Well, be careful. The old girl's just been rattled by some kind of chronic disturbance.

VANSELL: Slipstream from the Monan Host ship, no doubt. Their engines are strong enough. You probably picked it up when you slipped through shields with them.

DOCTOR: But we didn't. We've only just arrived. But speaking of Monans, what was all that about a Temporal Treaty?

(Door opens.)

PRESIDENT: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Lord President. What an unexpected surprise to find you here. With him.

VANSELL: Well, now that you're here, I supposed we'd better put you in the picture.

DOCTOR: Yes. Since when did Gallifrey seek the approval of other time-travelling races?

PRESIDENT: There are weightier issues that concern us.

DOCTOR: Are there indeed? Well?

ENSAC: Your address went very well, High Minister.

MINISTER: Thank you, Ensac.

(Choking, high pitched tone.)

ENSAC: High Minister, are you all right?

MINISTER: (weak) You will help me to my quarters, Assistant Monitor Ensac.

ENSAC: Of course.

MINISTER: Quickly.

PRESIDENT: You've heard of Etra Prime, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The oldest planetoid in the universe, Lord President? Dreary little rock, of course. It wound up in the vicinity of the Archetrix system, didn't it?

VANSELL: For most of recorded time it has been of little interest to anyone except occasional planetary geologists, until a seam of minerals unique in the known universe was discovered deep in the substrata.

DOCTOR: How fascinating.

PRESIDENT: It became fascinating, Doctor, when it was found that the minerals responded in ways

contrary to the laws of physics. Archetryx opened Etra Prime to a host of interested parties in exchange for furthering their own scientific knowledge.

VANSELL: The people of Archetryx had limited time travel capabilities. We gave them some assistance.

DOCTOR: I see. Well, was it worth it?

PRESIDENT: Fifty powers had representatives on Etra Prime. There were some five hundred lifeforms engaged in top secret research unlocking the energies in these new materials, when (coughs) Forgive me.

VANSELL: Take these, Lord President.

PRESIDENT: Oh, my pills. Thank you. I should not be here now, Doctor. I serve an interim role until the fate of (coughs). Presidents have come and gone since I retired from office, but my advice is still sought from time to time. It really can be a nuisance, you know.

DOCTOR: I quite understand, Lord President, but er, the point?

VANSELL: Barely into her first term of office, the then President was on Etra Prime for an official visit when er

PRESIDENT: The planetoid vanished.

DOCTOR: Vanished?

VANSELL: It was taken out of time and space, along with all personnel. There have been sporadic sightings of it rumoured since, but er

DOCTOR: Did you follow them up?

VANSELL: To no avail.

PRESIDENT: A year after Etra Prime vanished, three hundred corpses were discovered here on Archetryx, riddled with time distortion.

VANSELL: You can imagine the outcry. There was almost war, but Archetryx denied all knowledge.

DOCTOR: I take it your new President was among those dead?

PRESIDENT: No, Doctor. Romanadvoratrelundar remains missing.

DOCTOR: Romana?

(Door opens.)

TRINKETT: Ah, there you are, Vorna.

VORNA: This is Evelyn, Monitor Trinkett. One of the President's

TRINKETT: I know. Ensac told me. Now, your registration details, Delegate Evelyn.

EVELYN: Oh, what a lovely bracelet you're wearing.

TRINKETT: It's a wrist communicator, Delegate Evelyn. We all wear them.

EVELYN: Oh. Oh yes. There's Vorna's. Silly me. Still, pretty *and* functional. That's good. That's really very. Er, shouldn't you switch off your alarm clock?

(Something beeping.)

TRINKETT: Damn. That's a. No, that can't be right.

(Very rapid beeping.)

TRINKETT: Ensac, report to Control immediately. Ensac, confirm.

VORNA: What's the problem?

TRINKETT: Where is he? We're registering some kind of gravitational disturbance.

VORNA: Where?

TRINKETT: Our sector of space, only a few parsecs from here.

VORNA: Some kind of attack?

TRINKETT: No, it's too big to be a spaceship.

EVELYN: Would now be a good time to check your defences are working properly?

TRINKETT: Shields functioning normally, except the power levels. Well, Ensac's the expert. Ensac, this is Control. Respond please. I think, I think our phantom planet's back again. Repeat, I think Etra Prime's come back to haunt us.

TRINKETT [OC]: Ensac, please respond. Ensac, please respond.

ENSAC: High Minister, please. If you're feeling better now, I must report to Monitor Trinkett.

MINISTER: No, Ensac, you must listen to me. Listen to me, Ensac.

(High pitched tone.)

ENSAC: What's that noise?

MINISTER: Don't resist it, Ensac.

ENSAC: No.

MINISTER: You will obey a higher power from now on, just as I do.

DOCTOR: But when did Etra Prime vanish, Lord President?

PRESIDENT: (sighs) Twenty years ago now.

DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, Romana. Talk about the frying pan and the fire. From E-Space into. Anyway.

VANSELL: Still no satisfactory explanation for the planetoid's disappearance has been found.

DOCTOR: And why not, Vansell? With all the dirtiest Time Lord tricks at your disposal, I'd have thought by now

VANSELL: Etra Prime has been taken out of Time altogether.

DOCTOR: Something far beyond Archetrix's capabilities.

VANSELL: The rulers of Archetrix have offered up their world to inspection and instigated this conference.

PRESIDENT: It is hoped that agreement can be reached on the limitation of Time manipulation among these emergent planetary powers.

DOCTOR: Oh, I thought as much. You're here to protect your own mystique, and to make sure no one's getting too big for their boots. But what about finding Etra Prime, eh? What about finding Romana?

VANSELL: This conference gives us the perfect opportunity to learn who here possesses the capability to remove a world from Time altogether, and thus a step closer to finding the guilty party.

DOCTOR: Oh, splendid. It's taken you twenty years to get that far, has it? And as you say yourself, your plan does rather depend on the guilty party being here at all.

PRESIDENT: At the very least, Doctor, we may find a clue.

DOCTOR: And in the meantime any insight into alternative Time technologies will do you very nicely.

PRESIDENT: Vansell may have his own agenda, but mine is to discover the truth. Who can have done this, Doctor? Who would risk the wrath of so many galactic powers?

DOCTOR: Who indeed. Wait. Of course. That chronic disturbance I mentioned. Vansell, what if it was Etra Prime making one of its fleeting reappearances?

VANSELL: The thought had occurred to me.

DOCTOR: Then we must find out for sure. Come on, man. Quickly!

VANSELL: We'd better join your friend in Central Control.

(Beeping, door opens.)

DALEK: Unit seven reporting.

DALEK 2: You may approach the Black Dalek.

BLACK: Speak.

DALEK: Etra Prime now approaching Archetrix.

BLACK: Has the Archetrixan agent been prepared for our purpose?

DALEK: He obeys without question.

BLACK: The time grows near. Soon the Daleks will attain their greatest triumph.

(Door opens.)

TRINKETT: Ensac, about time. Where the hell have you been?

ENSAC: You are picking up some kind of signal, Monitor?

TRINKETT: I think it's Etra Prime.

ENSAC: Impossible, Monitor.

TRINKETT: Trinkett. How many more times? Drop the Monitor. Oh well, never mind. Look, I checked. It's in the same region as those rogue sightings that were logged.

ENSAC: Your readings are wrong, Trinkett.

TRINKETT: What?

ENSAC: The instrumentation is faulty.

TRINKETT: Well, the mass seems low.

ENSAC: I must power down the instrumentation panel.

(Clicking switches. Power drops.)

TRINKETT: Ensac. But you've shut down the external scanners now too, and the shield controls.

ENSAC: I, I must check the instrumentation.

TRINKETT: Ensac, are you all right?

ENSAC: Yes, Trinkett.

TRINKETT: Look, just get it sorted, okay? Quick.

ENSAC: (sotto) I will do as I have been instructed.

(Hubbub of voices.)

EVELYN: No sign of him here. He obviously doesn't fancy the delegates' buffet.

VORNA: All right, let's split up. We'll look less conspicuous.

EVELYN: Right. I'll take the west wing, shall I?

VORNA: We'll meet back in twenty minutes.

EVELYN: Is that space minutes or good old-fashioned Earth minutes?

VORNA: I'm sorry?

EVELYN: Oh, never mind. Twenty whatever's. See you then. Excuse me. Thank you, Yes, primitive Earth woman coming through. Oh, aren't you an interesting colour. Goodness.

TRINKETT [OC]: Vorna. Vorna, Ensac's turned up. Get yourself back here.

VORNA: But I've just sent

TRINKETT [OC]: Now, Vorna. I need you here. There's something not right.

TRINKETT: (sotto) Look, just move it, Vorna, okay?

(Switches still clicking, and continues behind dialogue.)

TRINKETT: You're sure that's absolutely necessary, Ensac?

ENSAC: It is necessary.

(Door opens and closes.)

TRINKETT: (sotto) That's all I need. (normal) May I help you, Delegate Vansell, and Delegate?

DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor, although I imagine I may be known by some slightly more colourful names around here, Mizz?

VANSELL: Doctor, this is Monitor Trinkett.

DOCTOR: Ah.

TRINKETT: Well, personnel restrictions do apply to Time Lords too. You've placed us in a difficult position, Delegate Doctor.

DOCTOR: For which I cannot apologise enough, so I shan't even start. Now, tell me, Monitor Trinkett, have you noticed anything untoward in this sector of space recently?

TRINKETT: Well

DOCTOR: Something planet sized?

TRINKETT: How could you?

VANSELL: Then Etra Prime has returned.

TRINKETT: No. It's impossible. I thought there was something out there, but the instruments are faulty.

VANSELL: Faulty?

TRINKETT: Must be. Anyway, the object's mass didn't correlate to our records of Etra Prime.

DOCTOR: So it's been thoroughly mined. Anything else?

TRINKETT: It was moving too fast to be a planet.

VANSELL: What do you mean, moving?

TRINKETT: Ridiculous, isn't it. It was heading this way.

DOCTOR: Piloted.

TRINKETT: So the detectors must be faulty, right?

DOCTOR: And your young friend there would be fixing them?

TRINKETT: Ensac's the expert.

ENSAC: I must do as I have been instructed.

DOCTOR: Must you, indeed.

VANSELL: So effectively you're saying we're blind here.

TRINKETT: Better than trusting to faulty detectors.

DOCTOR: I wonder what they'd be showing you now?

EVELYN: Well, he's not in Engineering.

(Door opens.)

EVELYN: Oops. Goodness.

(Door closes.)

EVELYN: Who's this, then?

MINISTER: I obey.

EVELYN: (sotto) Who do you obey, I wonder, Mister Highly Suspicious Minister?

(Beeping.)

COMPUTER: Berthing bay access requires authorisation code. (beeps) Thank you, High Minister.
Code accepted.

(Bulkhead opens.)

EVELYN: (sotto) And what can you be after in there?

(Door opens and closes.)

VORNA: Monitor Trinkett, I came as soon as I could.

TRINKETT: All right, Vorna, not in front of the delegates. I'm pretending everything's fine.

VORNA: You mean it isn't?

TRINKETT: I don't know, but if the Time Lords get wind of any problems

DOCTOR: Perhaps I could give you a hand, Ensac? I'm quite proficient at this sort of thing.

ENSAC: I must complete the repairs.

DOCTOR: Oh, come on now, I can help.

ENSAC: Leave me alone! (thump)

DOCTOR: Oh, steady!

TRINKETT: Ensac, get off him! What are you doing?

(Fighting.)

VANSELL: That's enough, Ensac.

TRINKETT: Vorna, restrain him!

(Punch, thud.)

DOCTOR: Oh. For such a slight girl, Vorna, you pack quite a wallop.

VORNA: Consider Ensac restrained, Monitor.

VANSELL: That probe. He was going to put a hole in your head.

DOCTOR: I had noticed.

TRINKETT: Delegates, I can't apologise

DOCTOR: Don't. I think it's more important to see what he was up to.

(Ensac groans.)

VORNA: He's coming round.

TRINKETT: Ensac?

ENSAC: I must carry out my instructions.

VANSELL: Whose instructions? Well?

DALEK 2: Units are nearing target undetected.

DALEK: Our agent is in position in the berthing bay.

DALEK 2: Archetrix in range in twenty rels.

DALEK: Victory for the Daleks is assured.

EVELYN: Where's he gone now? Inconsiderate devil. How does he expect me to see what he's up to in the dark?

MINISTER: The device is in position, master.

EVELYN: Device? That sounds nasty, and it looks. Oh, my God!

DOCTOR: Ensac's wrecked the scanners and altered the shield settings in some way.

VORNA: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Well, they're jammed on.

TRINKETT: I don't understand. Ensac, were you trying to keep something out?

DOCTOR: Or all of us in?

ENSAC: Must carry out my instructions.

DOCTOR: Could he perhaps be moved somewhere soundproofed? I need to think. If I can get the external detectors functioning.

VANSELL: We need to know who he's working for.

VORNA: He's not working for anyone. This is an internal security matter, Delegate Vansell.

(Power builds.)

DOCTOR: Ah! There we are. (beeps) Oh no.

VANSELL: What is it?

DOCTOR: Right outside. The detectors are picking up lifesigns.

VORNA: What? How many?

DOCTOR: Nearly thirty. If I can just get visual back online.

ENSAC: No. No.

EVELYN: I can't just hide back here. Excuse me, Minister. What are you doing here? What is that thing?

MINISTER: I obey, master.

EVELYN: It's a bomb, isn't it? You let off that thing, you'll bring the walls down on us.

MINISTER: Detonation imminent.

EVELYN: Get away from there! Come on!

(Running. Boom! Evelyn cries out. Crashing debris.)

DALEK: Secure the berthing bay. Crush resistance. Proceed to Engineering section. Exterminate all personnel. Proceed! Proceed!

(Alarm sounding.)

VORNA: What was that?

DALEK [OC]: Exterminate. Exterminate.

DOCTOR: Look. Look at the screens.

TRINKETT: What are those things?

DOCTOR: Daleks. The most ruthless forms of life in the universe. Will I never be rid of them?

ENSAC: Daleks.

TRINKETT: Ensac? He's dead.

DOCTOR: The Daleks had no further use for him.

VANSELL: Then the Daleks must possess Etra Prime, and they're steering it towards us.

EVELYN [OC]: Please, anyone.

DOCTOR: Evelyn?

TRINKETT: That's the general address system. She must be in

EVELYN [OC]: I'm in the berthing bay. The High Minister is dead.

TRINKETT: The High Minister? Oh, this is crazy.

EVELYN [OC]: He set off some kind of bomb, and now metal creatures are pouring in from outside. I'm trapped here by debris. Please someone be hearing this.

DOCTOR: We've got to get her out of there.

TRINKETT: This is so screwed up. Vorna, get going. Guards! (under dialogue) All guards, to the berthing bay immediately. Immediately. This is not a drill.

VORNA: Don't worry, Doctor. I'll make sure she's safe.

DOCTOR: I'm going with you, Vorna.

VANSELL: You can't go, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'd advise you, Vansell, to let go of me immediately.

TRINKETT: Repeat, this is not a drill.

VANSELL: If Etra Prime is on its way here, we must know what we're up against. That's not *my* area of expertise.

DOCTOR: I can't just leave Evelyn.

VANSELL: I'll send our own Chancellery Guards down there. We'll get her out.

DOCTOR: As long as *I* get us out of this mess.

VANSELL: You're wasting time, Doctor.

(Door opens.)

VANSELL: Guards. All guards, full alert get down to the berthing bay now. Full combat status.

(Door closes.)

(Weapons fire and explosions. Screams.)

DALEK: Warning, humanoid counter-offensive. We are under attack.

EVELYN: Here comes the cavalry. Over here! Come on, shift, can't you? I'm stuck over here. Please.

DALEK: Exterminate.

EVELYN: Oh God, I wasn't talking to you.

(Energy weapon, boom. Dalek gurgles.)

EVELYN: Thank you. Commander Vorna. What on Earth are these things?

VORNA: Daleks.

EVELYN: I take it they're not on the guest list.

(Boom!)

VORNA: That came from Engineering.

VANSELL: Vorna, your people must fall back.

VORNA: But surely we have to hold them here?

VANSELL: In case it escaped your notice, the Daleks just wiped out Engineering. They've got further than we. Look out!

(Dalek weapon.)

DALEK: Exterminate.

(Energy weapon.)

EVELYN: Can your lot hold them?

VORNA: I don't know. I don't know!

TRINKETT: Anything coming through from Etra Prime?

DOCTOR: Not yet. I'm broadcasting a distress signal on all frequencies, but Daleks don't make for the most sympathetic audience. Oh, I see. It seems the Daleks have shut down our external communications links.

TRINKETT: We're completely cut off?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.

VANSELL [OC]: This is Vansell.

DOCTOR: Evelyn?

VANSELL [OC]: She's safe. Vorna has her.

DOCTOR: Oh, good work. Good work, Vorna.

VORNA [OC]: Trinkett, they've destroyed the Engineering complex. All personnel dead. Now they seem to be regrouping here. More reinforcements arriving now. Quite a mixture.

DOCTOR: Look after Evelyn for me.

VORNA [OC]: I think she thinks she's looking after me. Out.

TRINKETT: All my engineers.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sorry.

TRINKETT: I just can't believe that the High Minister could sabotage what we've been planning so long.

DOCTOR: The Daleks could have many agents in your government.

TRINKETT: At least it explains why he was personally inspecting the shields yesterday.

DOCTOR: Allowing the Task Force safe passage, yes. But why enter via the berthing bay, I wonder? And why regroup there now instead of attacking?

TRINKETT: Like fixing the shields and fixing the engineers. It must be to stop us leaving.

DOCTOR: But then the Daleks are trapped here too. The shields are temporal in nature, I take it?

TRINKETT: Right. Everything inside the barrier exists a good minute in the future. It's all powered by the gravity wells.

DOCTOR: Of course, the key to your time travel.

TRINKETT: Even they've been playing up.

DOCTOR: Really? What, that disturbance earlier?

TRINKETT: We can't understand why, but the power surges have always been within safety tolerance, just about, so no one's been bothered.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, Ensac's done too good a job of wrecking the shield controls here. With Engineering out. I have to see the gravity wells. Perhaps we can manipulate the shields from there.

TRINKETT: You expect me to open the wells to, to an outsider?

DOCTOR: We're all outsiders to the Daleks, and we'll all surely die together unless you give me access.

TRINKETT: All right. Come on.

VANSELL: The Daleks could take us easily. Why are they staying put with just a few sentries to stop us getting too near?

VORNA: It's like they're searching for something.

EVELYN: Something like that big grey box, by the look of it.

VANSELL: Of course. The Monan Host ship, the most powerful vessel here. We have to stop them.

EVELYN: You want them to stay?

VORNA: If the shields are jammed on, how can they?

VANSELL: That's the one ship here that might bypass them. The Monan craft is still at a fairly embryonic stage, but our observations suggest their power supply's phenomenal. Like nothing we possess.

EVELYN: Not that that had anything to do with your attending the conference. Planning a little snooping were we?

VORNA: Wait. What are they

VANSELL: They can't all fit inside. Not dimensionally transcendental, then. Did you see how many got in?

VORNA: Eight, maybe?

EVELYN: Makes you feel better, does it, Vansell? Happy camper now?

(Whirring noise.)

VANSELL: They're doing it. They're breaking free.

(Whirring noise gets louder then fades away.)

VORNA: That technology in the Dalek's hands.

VANSELL: It should have been Gallifrey's.

EVELYN: If it's any consolation, there's still about twenty Daleks who missed the bus.

VORNA: And here they come.

(Dalek weapons fire.)

BLACK: Black Dalek to Monan time vessel. Report status.

DALEK [OC]: Power systems breached. Initial tests suggest power source ninety one percent probability to penetrate shields.

BLACK: As predicted.

DALEK [OC]: Commencing dematerialisation.

BLACK: Hurry. The temporal drive is needed here on Etra Prime.

TRINKETT: Here, you'll need this survival suit.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Expecting inclement weather?

TRINKETT: It's pitch black in the gravity wells. Dangerous. They're vast, full of energies we barely understand.

DOCTOR: And something else. While you were fetching the suits I diverted some of these scanner links to monitor the interior of the wells.

TRINKETT: I didn't know they could do that.

DOCTOR: They can't. I had to ask your computer very nicely. We need some idea of the basic layout if we're to tamper a little.

TRINKETT: What did you find?

DOCTOR: That there's a high level of impurity registering.

TRINKETT: Does that matter? We can still manipulate the gravity fields without out what it is, can't we?

DOCTOR: Don't like mysteries. One lot of bodies was dumped on the surface of Archetryx.

TRINKETT: You think

DOCTOR: I don't want to, but with the Daleks here and Etra Prime moving closer by the second, this may be my last chance to learn what's happened to Romana.

TRINKETT: Romana?

DOCTOR: My, my friend.

DALEK: Monan vessel to Black Dalek on Etra Prime.

BLACK [OC]: Report.

DALEK: Shields still holding.

BLACK [OC]: Increase drive to maximum power.

DALEK: Maximum power.

(Alarms.)

DALEK: Shields giving way.

BLACK [OC]: You will breach the barriers. Nothing can resist the Daleks!

EVELYN: Uh oh. The Daleks are getting restless.

VORNA: They're fanning out. Is it an attack?

VANSELL: They're not even watching us. Out of here, quickly! Everyone out. Those Daleks approaching, they're going to self-destruct!

EVELYN: What?

(Running. Boom! Boom! Boom! More debris falling.)

EVELYN: Tell me, are you Time Lords right about everything?

VORNA: Oh, what a mess. We'll never shift that lot.

VANSELL: The Daleks have made sure we're staying here. I must tell the President.

VORNA: And the other delegates. Come on.

EVELYN: I'm going to try and find the Doctor.

(Bulkhead door opens and closes. Heavy footsteps.)

DOCTOR: So, these are your gravity wells.

TRINKETT: It's zero gravity once beyond the safety zone. Use your boot clamps.

DOCTOR: Ah, yes.

TRINKETT: There should be an inspection ladder down here.

DOCTOR: Down into the darkness. I'm glad the torch is working. Ah, a sign. No unqualified personnel beyond this point. Splendid. Here we go then.

(Down ladder.)

TRINKETT: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes?

TRINKETT: I think I heard something.

DOCTOR: Imagination, I hope.

TRINKETT: No, listen.

(Scraping sound.)

TRINKETT: Oh, what was that? Urgh!

DOCTOR: Trinkett, I

(Squealing.)

TRINKETT: Now it's on my back!

DOCTOR: What is?

TRINKETT: Well, you've got the torch. Urgh, it's trying to burrow into my suit.

DOCTOR: Let me see. No, back up the ladder, Trinkett, quickly.

TRINKETT: What are they?

DOCTOR: Dalek mutants. The creatures inside the travel machines, operating independently in the zero gravity.

TRINKETT: Why? How?

DOCTOR: So they can attack more urgh! effectively.

TRINKETT: The air's thick with them.

DOCTOR: We have to get out of here, Trinkett. Move! Up the ladder, quickly!

TRINKETT: I, I can't they're all over me! Doctor!

[Part Two]

ROMANA: Footsteps. Not today, then. Not today.

(Door opens and closes. A person with what sounds like a slightly speeded up voice speaks.)

VRINT: Unit one one seven? You are unit one one seven?

ROMANA: It's not over yet, then.

VRINT: I, is

ROMANA: Even after twenty years, I still fear them coming for me. They leave me here in the cell for days at a time, no distractions, no exercise, no food, and you never hear them coming, and it's dark, so you never see them. They roll along that metal floor, closer and closer, soundlessly, nearer, nearer. Stop outside the door.

VRINT: Please I

ROMANA: That voice, the orders, the pushing you down the corridor for the special service, and you see them crowding around you, all sharp lines and angles and sticks, watching you do whatever it is they can't or choose not to do for themselves.

VRINT: I am not one of the slave elite.

ROMANA: They may look like the robots, but you know what, what you've become. And just as we wouldn't thank a robot when the work is done, they send you away again in silence. Silently up the corridor, the black plastic poking you in the back, and you look down and you remember when your body was full and young and fit and not emaciated, atrophying in some stinking hole in the rock. And you come back, step after step, and the numbers are always the same, just as the days and the nights are always the same. And all that's changing is a little bit of you is dying, day after day after

VRINT: You're unit one one seven

ROMANA: I am not unit one one seven! I am Romanadvoratrelundar. I have no choice but to let the Daleks dehumanise me, but I will not tolerate the same treatment from you. Who are you?

VRINT: Unit sixty three.

ROMANA: Your name, you idiot. You have a name, don't you? Or have the Daleks taken that from you with everything else.

VRINT: My name is Vrint. I am Vrint of the Monan Host.

ROMANA: (sighs) That's better. Why have you come for me, Vrint?

VRINT: The Daleks want you. Want us. I am not a member of the elite. I've been mining the rock with the others all this time.

ROMANA: So what are you doing here with me, now?

VRINT: The Daleks are too busy to fetch you themselves. Before they took us all, I was an engineer. Now the Daleks possess a Monan time vessel.

ROMANA: They've brought it here?

VRINT: The technology is new. The Daleks say you must help me carry out my orders.

ROMANA: (sotto) A time machine. Oh, to travel again. To open a door and not know what lay the other side. (normal) What are your orders?

VRINT: The Daleks will be waiting. Perhaps, perhaps we can talk to each other as we go, Romanadavo

ROMANA: Call me Romana. Perhaps we can, Vrint. Perhaps we can.

TRINKETT: I can't hold on.

DOCTOR: Don't give up. You're nearly there.

TRINKETT: It's got my leg. A mutant's got my leg.

DOCTOR: No, no, that's me. I've got hold of your ankle and I'm going to push you up, all right? Get ready to reach out for the safety bar. Here we go!

TRINKETT: Oh, made it.

DOCTOR: Here they are. Go on, keep moving. Get to the doors.

TRINKETT: What about you?

DOCTOR: Just get out of there. Too many. I can't

TRINKETT: Doctor!

(Deep rumble.)

DOCTOR: What?

(Dalek mutants slow down.)

DOCTOR: It's all right. Oh, they're weakening.

TRINKETT: That vibration. Someone's tampered with the power couplings.

DOCTOR: Increasing the gravity field. Probably saved our lives.

TRINKETT: Not for long. If the power supply isn't properly regulated at all times

DOCTOR: Come on!

(Alien panicking.)

PRESIDENT: Delegates, please. We must remain calm. We must apply ourselves to our predicament.

(Door opens and closes.)

PRESIDENT: Vansell, thank goodness.

VANSELL: Lord President, the Daleks have sealed off the berthing bay. We're trapped!

PRESIDENT: What *can* the Daleks want?

VANSELL: The Monan Host ship for a start. They've hi-jacked it.

MONAN: Our ship, stolen by Daleks? Explain yourself.

PRESIDENT: I fear the Daleks will spare you the effort. Look! There, on the viewscreen.

MONAN: No, it can't be!

BLACK [OC]: Attention all lifeforms on Archetryx. This is the Black Dalek. Resistance is useless. You are now prisoners of the Daleks.

(Door opens and closes.)

ROMANA: That's the Monan time machine?

VRINT: Yes.

ROMANA: Right in the Dalek throne room. It's obviously highly important to them. Now perhaps we might learn why they've been mining this rock hollow, what those Dalek scientists are up to on Archetryx.

DALEK: Units one one seven and sixty three will disengage the main drive. You will follow Dalek instructions.

ROMANA: (sotto) Armed escort. No chance of escape. (normal) Let me see this plan. (rustle of thick paper) What is this? You want us to construct some kind of temporal centrifuge? What for? Some chemical compound you've been synthesising? Is that what your scientists have been up to on Etra Prime?

DALEK 2: You will obey or you will be exterminated!

ROMANA: (sotto) Same old choice for twenty years. (normal) Vrint, let's begin.

VORNA: Why is that Dalek Black?

VANSELL: It's their leader.

PRESIDENT: Very well, Dalek. You're here to gloat. Do so and be gone.

BLACK [OC]: Delegates, we are launching attacks on the most strategic of your homeworlds. With governments mourning their dead leaders, retaliation will be less effective.

PRESIDENT: Nonsense. We're still very much alive, and your Daleks have entombed themselves in the berthing bay.

BLACK [OC]: We are taking the secrets of your ships. We shall use this information against you.

VANSELL: Damn them. There's no way to get back at them.

PRESIDENT: You won't get the chance, Dalek. Do you seriously think that the rulers of Archetrix will stand by and let your atrocities go unpunished? Even now they must be working to free us.

BLACK [OC]: Dalek duplicates replaced the rulers of Archetrix many years ago. They will not act against the Daleks.

PRESIDENT: You're, you're trying to trick us.

BLACK [OC]: We are responsible for the disappearance of Etra Prime, and we are responsible for the massacre of its people.

(Consternation in the background.)

PRESIDENT: What of our President? What of Romanadvoratrelundar?

BLACK [OC]: Your President heads our slave elite.

PRESIDENT: You hear that, Vansell? She's alive!

BLACK [OC]: We have manipulated you all.

VORNA: Using us, through the most High Minister, through our own fear of reprisals. All this time they were hiding in the shadows.

PRESIDENT: We've all been the Dalek's fools.

BLACK [OC]: Now you will be exterminated. Etra Prime is set on a collision course with Archetrix. The time of the Daleks has come.

(Bulkhead door opens and closes. Heavy footsteps. Alarm beeping.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn! So it was you tampering.

EVELYN: Oh, Doctor, thank heavens. Hey, what's that slime all over you?

DOCTOR: Oh, we had a run-in with some Dalek mutants, the very essence of putrescence. I suppose that in zero gravity their casings would only be a hindrance. Now, do you remember which controls you pressed? Think, Evelyn. It's important.

EVELYN: Well, I pressed every damn thing I could find, to be honest. I was trying to get you out.

(Rumble.)

EVELYN: Oh, help. What have I done?

DOCTOR: You've saved our lives. Now, let me have a look at these displays.

TRINKETT: How did you even find us, Evelyn?

EVELYN: I found the Doctor's note in Central Control. Then I spent half an hour translating it.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

TRINKETT: Imbalance ratio ninety one and rising. Much higher and it'll blow the wells wide open and kill all of us.

VORNA: What can we do? The Daleks will destroy us.

PRESIDENT: We have to get back to our time ships and hope the Doctor can bring down the shields. At least there'll be fewer Daleks in the bay now.

VORNA: We can't get through that wreckage, not with Engineering all dead.

VANSELL: Everyone will have to help. It's the only way.

PRESIDENT: And even if we can escape, the Lady Romanadvoratrelundar must still be trapped.

ROMANA: These engines are impressive.

VRINT: How sad we must destroy them for the Daleks.

BLACK [OC]: Attention, attention. This is the Black Dalek. Transmat operators to positions. Prepare inertia chamber. Initiate stage one evacuation of Etra Prime.

ROMANA: They're ready to move out. But what will they be transmatting up from Archetryx?

VRINT: The Dalek creatures working there?

ROMANA: Or whatever they've been synthesising on Archetryx. If they're using an inertia chamber, it must be so volatile they daren't risk handling it. Ah. And that's why the Daleks need this centrifuge. To produce an end result faster.

VRINT: Before we evacuate?

ROMANA: Before *they* evacuate.

VRINT: Ah.

ROMANA: Come on. Help me with this. Perhaps we'll learn more when we present it to the Black Dalek.

(Door opens.)

BLACK: Report.

DALEK: Archetryx units report massive disturbance in gravity wells. Fatalities estimated forty five percent.

BLACK: The Dalek scientists will all die in the collision. Is the element damaged?

DALEK: No. It is protected and ready for dispatch.

BLACK: All must be prepared for the harvesting. Proceed.

(Lots of beeps and burbles.)

DOCTOR: Right. I think Evelyn has created some kind of feedback loop.

EVELYN: That is, after all, my fortè.

DOCTOR: As tidying up after others is mine. Hold on.

(Power builds with a bang.)

EVELYN: Steady.

DOCTOR: If I can set up a counter vibration to stop the harmonic imbalance.

(More bangs and crashes, then beeps and power diminish.)

EVELYN: You did it!

TRINKETT: Imbalance ratio falling.

EVELYN: So are the shields down now? Can we get away?

TRINKETT: No, But we can manipulate the fields from out here and er. Why are you looking at me like that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The exterior console's now exclusively dedicated to countering the feedback loop.

TRINKETT: You mean?

DOCTOR: The only way of shutting down those shields is to go back inside and do it manually.

EVELYN: Oh dear.

TRINKETT: I'm not sure I can go through that again.

DOCTOR: I wouldn't dream of making you. I'll go alone.

TRINKETT: But

DOCTOR: No arguments, please. There isn't time. But, er, if you have another suit I could wear?

TRINKETT: Come on, back to Main Control.

(Door opens.)

ROMANA: (sotto) Vrint, the Black Dalek.

VRINT: (sotto) What is that crystal?

ROMANA (sotto) I don't know. but it doesn't suit him.

BLACK: Slaves will approach.

ROMANA: We've constructed the temporal centrifuge as requested.

BLACK: Put down the device.

DALEK 2: Inertia chamber prepared.

BLACK: Once the element is harvested and the crystal retrieved

ROMANA: Another crystal?

BLACK: You will remain to pilot the planetoid into Archetryx.

DALEK 2: I obey.

ROMANA: *Into Archetryx?* You're destroying Etra Prime *and* Archetryx so that no clues remain as to this element of yours?

BLACK: Be silent!

ROMANA: These crystals

BLACK: Be silent! You will prepare the temporal centrifuge or

ROMANA: All right! I understand.

DALEK: Archetryx approaching transmat range. Fifty, forty nine

BLACK: Prepare to harvest the element.

(Door opens and closes.)

TRINKETT: I'll fetch the suit.

DOCTOR: Think I'll check my scanner repairs are (beep)

EVELYN: Oh my!

DOCTOR: Etra Prime.

EVELYN: It's *huge*.

DOCTOR: No. Not a pretty planetoid, is it?

VANSELL: The Daleks aim to crash it right into us.

DOCTOR: Vansell. What are you doing here?

VANSELL: To see if you've shut down the shields.

DOCTOR: I'm working on it. What's been happening?

VANSELL: The Daleks have been gloating at our expense, but at least it's galvanised the delegates into action. I've organised them into teams, helping the guards clear the debris for a coordinated assault on the berthing bay. Even the Virgoans are joining in.

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

EVELYN: I might go down to the berthing bay myself.

DOCTOR: I'd rather you stayed here, where, where it's

EVELYN: Where it's safe. Doctor, you're risking your neck to get those shields down. Perhaps I can help make a way through to the berthing bay, to the Tardis. Then I'll feel safe.

DOCTOR: Be careful, Evelyn. Vansell, let's pool our experiences.

(Footsteps, door opens and closes.)

VANSELL: Telepathically?

DOCTOR: Mmm hmm.

VANSELL: Very well. Contact.

DOCTOR: Contact.

(Door opens.)

VORNA: That's right, delegate. Help me with this. We'll be through to the bay if we can just ah!

(Stones fall.)

VORNA: Well done.

MONAN: I can see light. We are through

(Dalek weapons fire. Screams.)

VORNA: Get down! Take cover!

DALEKS: Exterminate! Exterminate!

(Energy weapons fire. Dalek gurgle. Boom! Debris falls.)

VORNA: Dead.

EVELYN: The Daleks? I take it we haven't got them on the run, then.

(Exchange of weapons fire.)

VORNA: Oh, Evelyn, we were never prepared for anything like this. We put so much faith in our brilliant shields. Now, even if we fight our way into the bay and take every Dalek waiting for us, their threat is still hanging over us.

EVELYN: Hanging over.

VORNA: I'm sorry?

EVELYN: Vorna, surely there's some other way of getting into the berthing bay? An inspection hatch, or something. Even, God help us, a ventilation shaft.

VORNA: I'd have thought you more than anyone would have noticed the ceiling coming down.

EVELYN: There might be something. Or do you want to sit here playing dodge the Dalek till the sky really does fall in?

VORNA: Oh, all right. Let's take a look.

TRINKETT: Trust Time Lords to be the most clinical gossips around.

DOCTOR: So Romana's still alive.

VANSELL: For now.

DOCTOR: Right then. Put on this lovely new suit, and back into the gravity wells. To the bottom, this time.

VANSELL: The mutants will kill you.

DOCTOR: I'm hoping they'll still be shaken up by that vibration. And this time I'll leave the torch switched off. In the darkness, they may not spot me in time. Now, I'll need you, Trinkett, to guide me from here. Vansell, you get back to the bay. Look after Evelyn and the others.

VANSELL: Yes, Doctor.

DALEK: Receiving transmission from Archetryx. (Daleks continue quietly behind dialogue.)

ROMANA: Vrint, did you see the way the crystal glowed? That must be it. The crystal channels Dalek mental energy in some way. They couldn't transmit messages from Archetryx by conventional means without risking discovery.

BLACK: The Apocalypse Element is prepared.

DALEK: Three, two

ROMANA: Apocalypse Element? I don't like the sound of that.

(Beeping.)

DALEK: Archetryx is in range.

BLACK: Activate transmat now.

(Whirr! Beeps.)

DALEK: Transfer of element stable.

BLACK: Prepare to operate the temporal centrifuge.

ROMANA: All right. (sotto) Be ready, Vrint. We'll only get one chance at this.

(Uneven light thuds.)

EVELYN: I wasn't designed for a space so small.

VORNA: You were right though, Evelyn. This must be one of the fuelling channels. If we can get down into the bay, perhaps start a distraction to draw the Daleks from the entrance.

EVELYN: We could give the others a fighting chance, however small.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Right, I'm in. Just feeling for the inspection ladder.

TRINKETT [OC]: Keep going down, Doctor. You should there's a service walkway stretching out around the rim.

DOCTOR: Right.

TRINKETT [OC]: That'll lead to the gravitron focus, though how you're going to put it out of action in the dark

DOCTOR: My laser probe has an illuminated tip.

TRINKETT [OC]: Show off.

DOCTOR: Mmm, aren't I? Better not talk. I can sense them, here in the darkness. Don't want to draw attention to myself.

TRINKETT [OC]: Understood. Be careful, Doctor. Out.

(Centrifuge stops.)

BLACK: The process is complete. Place inertia chamber within the centrifuge.

ROMANA: No, no, wait a moment. I, I have to check that the er radiation from the transmat console won't affect the element upon release.

BLACK: There is no risk of irradiation. Move away from the transmat.

ROMANA: I have to be sure.

BLACK: Exterminate her.

ROMANA: Block the chamber, Vrint.

DALEK: Exterminate.

BLACK: No! Do not fire at the inertia chamber! Circle around.

ROMANA: That crystal really doesn't suit you, Dalek.

BLACK: What?

ROMANA: Got it!

BLACK: Retrieve the crystal!

ROMANA: Quickly, get in. I've reversed the settings on the transmat. Cross your fingers. Here we go.

BLACK: Exterminate.

(Dalek weapons fire.)

VANSELL: All right, Vorna. Standing by. Out.

PRESIDENT: There is a way through from above?

VANSELL: Vorna and Evelyn believe so.

PRESIDENT: We must organise our remaining forces into strategic positions. This may be the final battle.

DOCTOR: All right, Trinkett, I've found the walkway. Moving along it now.

(Dalek mutants squeak as they fly around.)

DOCTOR: Not again.

TRINKETT [OC]: Doctor?

DOCTOR: They're after me, launching themselves in my direction. I must reach the controls. Urgh.

Oh, filthy thing. Trinkett, I've found the access panel. Hold on, there's a light below me. Transmat?

(loud) Look out down there!

TRINKETT [OC]: What's happening?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure. I think someone's in here with me. Some of the Daleks are leaving me to attack whoever it is. Now, I'm just removing the access plate.

ROMANA: Get off me!

DOCTOR: Romana?

TRINKETT [OC]: Doctor, if the Daleks already know you're there, switch on the lights.

DOCTOR: How can I?

TRINKETT [OC]: Master override. It should be to your

DOCTOR: Quickly, Trinkett.

TRINKETT [OC]: It should be to your left.

DOCTOR: Right.

(Squelch.)

DOCTOR: Oh! Nothing to my left but a mutant. It's got my hand. Oh, get off. Oh. Ah.

(Power hums.)

DOCTOR: Oh, the lights are on. Blinding. The mutants don't like it.

TRINKETT [OC]: They're leaving you alone?

DOCTOR: I think so. Come on, eyes. It's too bright. Still, all the master craftsmen can do a job like this with their eyes closed.

(Beeps and burbles. Power drops.)

TRINKETT [OC]: You've done it! The wells are draining.

(The Doctor sighs. Sounds of things squelching on impact below.)

DOCTOR: Normal gravity's back. The Daleks have come down to earth, or rather, lead plating, with a bump. Not pretty.

TRINKETT [OC]: The shields are losing cohesion. They're failing.

DOCTOR: All right, Trinkett, lend your strength to the war effort. I'll follow on. And I do believe I'll be bringing guests.

BLACK: The female has taken the focussing crystal.

DALEK: Element and centrifuge undamaged. Transmat bay destroyed by Dalek fire.

BLACK: Then the second crystal is out of reach also. The female has escaped to Archetryx. The Dalek task force there must retrieve the crystal.

DOCTOR: Romana!

ROMANA: Doctor! I don't believe it.

DOCTOR: Don't you know how dangerous it is to be in here without a protective suit?

ROMANA: It's so good to. But you're wearing the wrong body.

DOCTOR: No, I'm wearing the right body. Just not necessarily in the right order. Who might you be?

ROMANA: This is Vrint, one of the Monan Host.

VRINT: Etra Prime is on a collision course with Archetryx.

DOCTOR: Yes, that hadn't escaped our, our

ROMANA: Attention?

DOCTOR: Look at all this equipment. Alchemist's dream.

ROMANA: They've been synthesising some kind of raw material.

DOCTOR: Taking advantage of the unique conditions here.

VRINT: Look. Look, these creatures are all wearing little crystals, like the big one you stole.

ROMANA: Like the one right behind you.

DOCTOR: Let me see. Hmm, what are you for, I wonder?

ROMANA: I've got plenty of theories I could run past you.

DOCTOR: Run being the operative word. There's not a moment to lose.

ROMANA: A moment, Doctor? I've been a prisoner for twenty years.

DOCTOR: I know. And if I know you, you must be desperate for a good race against time.

ROMANA: After you, then? Age before beauty?

DOCTOR: Hmm. Welcome back, Romana.

(Effort.)

VORNA: Evelyn, just ahead there. See that? It's what's left of one of the fuel channels. Must have broken open in the blast.

EVELYN: Oh, it's slick with (squelch) Oh yuck. What kind of petrol do you use here?

VORNA: We can slip down it, right behind the Daleks. (beep) Vansell? Get ready. We're going in.

(Running.)

DOCTOR: Keep up, you two.

VRINT: I wish the others had escaped.

DOCTOR: Others?

ROMANA: They would have died anyway, Vrint. There was nothing we could do.

(Stop running.)

DOCTOR: Not even mourn them for a moment?

ROMANA: Like you said, Doctor, there's not a moment to lose.

DOCTOR: Romana!

(Walking.)

ROMANA: Now, these Dalek crystals. I think they modulate Dalek thought patterns, maybe even enhance them.

DOCTOR: For communication?

ROMANA: A kind of telepathic decoder, perhaps? But I can't help thinking there's more to it than that.

DOCTOR: Ah. Ah, our proud legion.

TRINKETT: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hello, Trinkett. You spread the good news, I trust?

ROMANA: Look there, Vrint. A friend for you.

VRINT: Comrade. My comrade! (recedes) I never dreamed I would see another like

PRESIDENT: President Romanadvoratrelundar.

ROMANA: Oh, my old Lord President. Please, won't you call me Romana?

PRESIDENT: Romana.

ROMANA: So I've not been deposed, then?

PRESIDENT: Mere weeks into your presidency? I fought for you, my dear.

VANSELL: I'm glad you've arrived safely.

ROMANA: Oh. Coordinator Vansell. It's you. Well, what is it?

VANSELL: Vorna and Evelyn are through, Doctor.

DOCTOR: They're unharmed?

VANSELL: They're our decoys. Everyone be ready. The attack begins

(Dalek weapons fire.)

DOCTOR: Now!

(Lots of energy weapons fire on both sides.)

DOCTOR: Aim for the eye piece. It's a weak point.

(Boom. A Dalek screams and gurgles.)

DALEK: Under attack!

VANSELL: The way is clear. Come on, into the bay.

DALEK: Exterminate!

DOCTOR: Evelyn, look out!

(Weapons fire, boom, gurgle.)

EVELYN: Goodness, that was close.

VORNA: We did it, Evelyn.

VANSELL: All delegates head for your own time vessels.

PRESIDENT: Romana! With me, my dear.

DALEK [OC]: Capture Gallifreyan female. Retrieve crystal. Retrieve the crystal!

VORNA: Romana, they're after *you*!

DOCTOR: Perhaps we can lead them away.

PRESIDENT: Romana, come back!

VANSELL: No time, Lord President. Into our Tardis. Come on. Goodbye, Doctor.

(Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: Oh, don't mention it. Trinkett, Evelyn, Vorna, we'll lead the Daleks away. You make sure the delegates get back to their ships.

DALEK: Halt. Surrender the crystal.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, take this.

EVELYN: The Tardis key? But the Daleks are blocking the way.

DOCTOR: Not for long. Wait for us there. Come on, Romana.

ROMANA: Just like the old days. Nothing changes.

TRINKETT: As soon as they saw the Doctor and that woman, they just ignored us.

VORNA: Feeling slighted?

TRINKETT: Go on, get these delegates safely away from here. We need a bit of good PR after today.

VRINT: We have no ship!

TRINKETT: Oh, you're a Monan, aren't you? You can hitch a ride with the Andromedans. That goes for you too, Vorna. Get on with it!

VORNA: And you?

TRINKETT: I'm going to watch out for the Doctor. Reckon we owe him that much.

EVELYN: I'll come with you.

VORNA: Be careful, both of you.

TRINKETT: Push off, Vorna.

VORNA: Come on then, delegate.

VRINT: I'm not a delegate or a number.

EVELYN: Goodbye, Vorna.

TRINKETT: Only five minutes to impact!

EVELYN: Oh, goodness me. We'd better dash!

(Running, breathless.)

DALEK: (distant) Surrender the crystal. Surrender the crystal.

ROMANA: It must mean more to them than just a means of communication.

DOCTOR: You're out of shape.

ROMANA: And we're out of options.

DOCTOR: You noticed the crystals on their casings.

ROMANA: Helping focus the mental commands?

DOCTOR: Yes, very possibly. Quick, down here.

ROMANA: I

DALEK: Surrender the crystal!

DOCTOR: Oh, all right. (stops running) You can have it. But let my friend here go first.

DALEK: She must be exterminated.

DOCTOR: Let her go, or I'll smash your crystal against this wall. Go on, Romana, to the end of the corridor.

ROMANA: Doctor, another one.

DALEK 2: Do not move.

ROMANA: Your friend just said I could.

DOCTOR: Afraid so. Don't kick him out of the union or anything, will you. I did threaten to destroy your precious crystal. What you might call a Mexican stand-off. Ever exterminated any Mexicans?

DALEK: Surrender the crystal.

DOCTOR: I warn you, Dalek.

TRINKETT: (distant) Down, Doctor!

(Weapons fire. Explosions.)

DOCTOR: Trinkett. Impeccably timed. Everybody, run!

DALEK 3: Halt! Halt! Exterminate!

PRESIDENT: I demand a meeting of the High Council immediately!

RELDATH: Gallifrey sleeps, Lord President. It is the middle of the night.

PRESIDENT: Ah, Guard Commander Reldath. At last.

RELDATH: Lord President, we welcome your safe

PRESIDENT: We must summon aid to Archetrix, Reldath. The rightful President is trapped there.

VANSELL: There's no time, Lord President. Collision is imminent. Monitor the situation, Reldath.

PRESIDENT: We must know what's happened to Romana, and the Doctor.

RELDATH: It will be done. Forgive me, but I have urgent news myself. In your absence, a deposition from the Monan Host world has encroached on Gallifreyan space seeking sanctuary.

PRESIDENT: What? On what grounds?

RELDATH: Observation posts confirm their world has been attacked by the Daleks.

PRESIDENT: Just as they said they would.

RELDATH: They insist they must speak with you.

PRESIDENT: Insist?

RELDATH: They're desperate.

PRESIDENT: No time for this. I'm so very tired. We can brook no aliens on Gallifrey. We cannot be seen to interfere.

RELDATH: The High Council has advised them there is little that can be done, but they keep signalling.

VANSELL: Put them on the conference screen.

PRESIDENT: Now? You cannot be suggesting

VANSELL: At least let's listen to them. The situation may afford certain er opportunities?

(Running.)

DOCTOR: The Tardis. This way. Come on!

DALEK: Do not move.

DOCTOR: Oh, if you want your precious crystal so badly, catch!

EVELYN: Good gracious.

DALEK: Crystal retrieved.

DOCTOR: Now I've seen everything. A Dalek silly mid-off

DALEK: We must report to the Black Dalek immediately. All units evacuate.

ROMANA: You've given the crystal back to the Daleks?

VORNA: Oh, don't worry, We have a spare.

(Rumble.)

VORNA: Etra Prime. It's hitting. We're too late!

DOCTOR: It's never too late. Evelyn, into the Tardis. Now!

(Tardis door opens. Explosions, the Tardis dematerialises.)

MONAN [OC]: You are our only hope, Time Lords. If the Daleks are not the galaxy will stand together against

VANSELL: We understand your position. And as fellow survivors of the Daleks terrorism, we sympathise.

MONAN [OC]: Our world has been ravaged, our population decimated. All we request is a sanctuary for our Supreme Executive, that they may formulate a plan of campaign. We, we beg this of you.

PRESIDENT: We shall consider your plea, Nahal.

MONAN [OC]: We are grateful, Lord President.

PRESIDENT: Switch them off. (beep) I sympathise with Nahal's predicament, but Gallifrey cannot be seen to interfere. Not in matters of war.

VANSELL: Ordinarily I would agree, Lord President, but consider the Monan time ship. Look at it.

PRESIDENT: A graceless box.

VANSELL: One of the most powerful craft ever devised, and it's a different design from the one we saw. Do you see?

PRESIDENT: It seems even smaller.

VANSELL: Sleeker. Doubtless an improvement on the model they brought to Archetrix. They were

obviously hoping to keep *this* vessel secret.

PRESIDENT: You're obsessed, Vansell. Gallifrey does not need alien secrets.

VANSELL: There is much we could learn from the Monans. With their designs known to us, we could build the Tardises of the future. And once we've offered them non-committal sanctuary, we can set our terms.

PRESIDENT: I don't like it, Vansell. The Monans come to us in good faith.

(Door opens.)

RELDATH: Forgive me, Lord President. Our observation posts report Etra Prime has collided with Archetryx.

PRESIDENT: And Romana? The Doctor?

RELDATH: Two craft were detected in the Vortex nearby, one of them a Type 40 time capsule. It's coming this way.

PRESIDENT: Then they survived.

RELDATH: There's more. A Dalek fleet is approaching Gallifrey, my Lord.

PRESIDENT: A Dalek fleet?

VANSELL: They wouldn't dare. Surely they (pause) wouldn't dare.

PRESIDENT: Too much to consider. Everything's happening so fast. Perhaps they intend to wipe out the remaining Monans.

VANSELL: Very possibly. In which case this could be our last chance to study their

PRESIDENT: Silence, Vansell! Very well. Admit the Monan deposition. Just their flagship, though, Reldath. That ship only. I will not have Gallifrey overrun with aliens. (sigh) I suppose we should greet them upon arrival. Thank Rassilon that Romana is returning to us. She will know what to do for the best.

EVELYN: Well, by the skin of our teeth.

TRINKETT: My world. Destroyed.

EVELYN: I'm sorry, Trinkett.

ROMANA: It's so strange to be back here. I'd forgotten the Tardis was so quaint.

DOCTOR: (harrumphs) Oh, don't worry. We'll soon have you back shuffling papers on Gallifrey. Wait a minute.

ROMANA: Trouble?

DOCTOR: Picking up a transmission. I'll put it through.

MONAN [OC]: The Daleks are moving in for the kill. Our fleet cannot hold them.

TRINKETT: Daleks. They never stop. Never.

RELDATH [OC]: Delegate Nahal, the Lord President will receive your flagship only. Repeat, your flagship only on these coordinates. Transduction barriers lowering on my mark.

MONAN [OC]: We thank you, Gallifrey. Engaging materialisation mode now.

TRINKETT: Doctor, listen. That's Nahal, the Monan ambassador.

ROMANA: And Vrint, presumably.

DOCTOR: Something's not right.

TRINKETT: What do you mean?

ROMANA: The President's offering them asylum, letting them through.

DOCTOR: He's letting *something* through.

(Time ship lands.)

VANSELL: You're doing the right thing, Lord President. We'll put their secrets to good use.

PRESIDENT: I will decide the right thing here, Vansell, not you. Greetings, Monans. We cordially welcome you in the name of

(Time ship door opens.)

PRESIDENT: No!

VANSELL: Back, Lord President.

DALEK: Exterminate!

(Dalek weapons fire.)

VANSELL: Open fire!

(Energy weapons.)

(Running. Battle in distance.)

PRESIDENT: There must be twenty or more Daleks on board that ship. How? The Monan ship is not

dimensionally transcendental.

VANSELL: Agreed. But Dalek ships are.

PRESIDENT: Camouflage?

VANSELL: They gave us bait, we swallowed it.

RELDATH [OC]: Emergency, emergency.

PRESIDENT: How can this be? How can this be?

VANSELL: The Daleks are invading Gallifrey.

DALEK: Exterminate!

[Part Three]

ROMANA: Doctor, the President wouldn't just let through *any*

DOCTOR: Wouldn't he? Exhausted, under strain, his anti-Dalek fervour all stirred up?

EVELYN: And Vansell was desperate to get hold of that Monan ship. But why are you so sure something's wrong?

TRINKETT: Doctor, what about my world? Is it (pause) Doctor?

DOCTOR: I. I'm not sure.

TRINKETT: I have to see. I might be able to help, to do something.

DOCTOR: I can't take you back until I know for sure

TRINKETT: That your world is still safe. I understand.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Trinkett.

ROMANA: Let's see what the view's like over Gallifrey.

(Scanner on.)

DOCTOR: Do you mind?

ROMANA: There's a whole flotilla of Monan bric-a-brac out there.

DOCTOR: And time distortion is off the scale.

ROMANA: They're time ships. What would you expect?

DOCTOR: Of course. That's exactly what they are.

EVELYN: Now you've worked it out, perhaps you could explain?

DOCTOR: Those ships are simply part of a short-lived regressive time loop. Temporal projections playing over Gallifreyan space.

TRINKETT: They're not real?

DOCTOR: Oh, they were real, undoubtedly, and it seems recorded for posterity before their destruction.

EVELYN: So Gallifrey thinks it's getting exactly what it wanted, access to Monan ships.

TRINKETT: Look at the screen. They're changing.

ROMANA: Back into Dalek ships!

EVELYN: Why have the Daleks dropped the illusion?

DOCTOR: Apart from the enormous power required to generate a projection on that scale

ROMANA: The Daleks have no further need for stealth.

DOCTOR: I imagine that unimaginative, avaricious half-wit Vansell invited them in through the front door.

TRINKETT: They're going to do to Gallifrey what they did to my world. Destroy it.

EVELYN: So what do we do?

DOCTOR: What do you think we do? We stop them.

DALEKS: Exterminate!

(Weapons fire, cries of pain.)

DALEK: Exterminate! Exterminate!

RELDATH: Guard units three, four and six report immediately to level two. Full combat situation. We are under attack. Repeat we are under attack. Report immediately!

(Explosion.)

RELDATH: Fall back! I'm locking them in!

(Running, weapons fire, computer beeping, bulkhead door closing and sealing.)

DALEK: Door sealed off.

(Dalek weapons fire.)

DALEK 2: Resistant to Dalek fire power.

DALEK 3: I will run computer scan. Scan suggests technology based on retina scan.

DALEK 4: We require a Gallifreyan eye.

DALEK 3: This soldier is not yet dead.

DALEK 4: But his legs are damaged.

DALEK 3: That does not matter. Prepare to remove his eyes.

DALEK 4: I obey.

(Soldier screams.)

DOCTOR: Oh, it's no good. The transduction barriers won't give us access. You'd think one of my old Presidential codes would work.

(Beeps.)

DOCTOR: The infernal cheek.

ROMANA: I was President, Doctor. I still am. All those years, the Daleks could never take that from me. Here, let me.

DOCTOR: What are you doing?

ROMANA: Patching in my Presidential override.

DOCTOR: A telepathic imprimatur.

EVELYN: And that will get *us* in while keeping the Daleks out?

DOCTOR: Well, it'd better.

DALEK: Dalek bridgehead secured on Gallifrey. Soon we will overcome their security systems.

BLACK: Our forces must spread out through the Capitol. Locate and shut down the transduction barriers. Gallifrey must fall to the Daleks.

DALEK: Alert. Alien time vessel materialising

BLACK: Dalek access codes recognised. The machine is carrying the survivors of the Archetrix spearhead.

(Vessel materialises, hatch opens.)

BLACK: Report.

DALEK 2: I have recovered the transference crystal from the Doctor.

BLACK: Was the Doctor on Archetrix when Etra Prime collided?

DALEK 2: Insufficient data.

BLACK: The Doctor must not be allowed to interfere with our plans. Undertake sensor sweep of surrounding area

DALEK 3: I obey.

BLACK: Our scientists require the transference crystal immediately.

DALEK 2: I will take the crystal to the laboratories.

BLACK: Proceed.

(Door opens and closes.)

DALEK: Alert. Alien time vessel detected in vicinity of Dalek fleet.

BLACK: Visual image.

(Tardis engines.)

BLACK: It is the Doctor's Tardis. Activate temporal disruptors.

DOCTOR: Come on.

EVELYN: Why is it taking so long?

ROMANA: This Tardis is practically antique. The synaptic equations are proving too

(Distortion.)

TRINKETT: What was that?

DOCTOR: A Dalek broadside. They know we're here.

TRINKETT: They're going to destroy us.

ROMANA: Be quiet, can't you? I've got to concentrate. Idiot ship. Don't resist me.

DOCTOR: She doesn't mean it, old girl. Work with her. Come on now.

ROMANA: Ah!

TRINKETT: How much of this can the Tardis stand?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

EVELYN: How much can *she* stand?

VANSELL [OC]: Reldath. Reldath, report. Are you still containing the Daleks in the Tardis cradles?

RELDATH: We have them, Coordinator Vansell. They're locked inside.

VANSELL [OC]: We've been here before. So while the Daleks can't get at us, we can't get at them either, and no one can leave Gallifrey.

RELDATH: We were lucky to hold them at all. Wait.

VANSELL [OC]: Was that the door?

RELDATH: Yes. Security override instigated.

VANSELL [OC]: What?

(Bulkhead door opens.)

DALEK: Exterminate.

(Dalek weapons, screams, running.)

RELDATH: They're through! They, they've taken someone's eye. Must have put it up to the scanner.

VANSELL [OC]: Forget the explanations, Reldath. Fight, man! You must hold them.

RELDATH: They're driving us back, Coordinator. (footsteps) We have to hold them here. We can't afford to lose much more ground or the Daleks will spread out through the access ports to all levels. We need reinforcements. Now!

(Weapons fire, screams.)

DALEK: Exterminate!

RELDATH: Now!

VANSELL: That's in hand, Reldath. Vansell out.

PRESIDENT: Hold them, Reldath.

VANSELL: You've reached the High Council?

PRESIDENT: The Castellan is supervising evacuation of the residential areas, and making arrangements for an emergency Council facility in case the Daleks

VANSELL: In case the Daleks tear through the Capitol destroying all in their wake. How can I have been so gullible? We *know* the Daleks have their own version of the chameleon circuit.

PRESIDENT: They simply showed you what you desired most, Vansell. You and all the CIA acting on your own agenda.

VANSELL: With respect, Lord President, we are beyond recriminations.

PRESIDENT: You overreach yourself, Coordinator Vansell! / draw any boundaries we may cross. / am President of Gallifrey, sworn to defend my world. Barely do we recover from one crisis than we lurch to another. I save my recriminations for myself, for listening to you at all. Schematic.

(Beeps.)

VANSELL: There's your real enemy. A Dalek fleet just waiting for the moment we let our defences down.

PRESIDENT: Our shields are stronger than those of Archetryx.

VANSELL: The Daleks clearly intend to switch off the transduction barrier from within.

PRESIDENT: We must repel these aggressors. But how can we triumph? The Daleks are master tacticians, Vansell. And what must they think of us? Mere fools, greedy children who would surrender splendid isolation for quick advantage.

VANSELL: What's done's done. Now we must deal with the situation. The Daleks have left us alone for millennia, but as you say, they're tacticians. The same plan worked on Archetryx as it has here. First they isolate us, then they intimidate us. But for what? Our reports show they've already ravaged the Monan Host world and must already be assimilating all Monan advances in time travel capability.

PRESIDENT: Advances that you craved for Gallifrey.

VANSELL: Exactly! Advantages which we don't possess. So, what exactly is it that the Daleks need from us?

DOCTOR: They're trying again. Hold on, everyone.

(Romana cries out.)

TRINKETT: Did you feel that?

DOCTOR: Yes. Romana's attuned to the Tardis's telepathic systems. She's implementing the protocols.

EVELYN: Does she really have to stand on ceremony at a time like this?

DOCTOR: Come on, Romana.

TRINKETT: They're launching another salvo.

DOCTOR: The Tardis can't take much more.

TRINKETT: We have to get out of here!

DOCTOR: We can't. The controls are locked. The old girl's trying to concentrate.

(Romana cries out again, and the Tardis engines start.)

EVELYN: What's that, the Daleks?

DOCTOR: No. Romana's done it. She's pulling us through the transduction barriers.

EVELYN: Don't get too excited. If you're right, Doctor, she's leading us straight into the middle of a load more Daleks.

DALEK: The Doctor's Tardis no longer registers on our scanners.

DALEK 2: It was not destroyed by Dalek fire-power?

BLACK: The Doctor has found a way to reach Gallifrey. Alert Dalek spearhead. The Doctor must be captured and destroyed.

DALEK 2: Strategic advantage could be lost. Progress to Capitol is

BLACK: Enough. I have the means to override Time Lord security. Gallifrey will still fall to Dalek might. Alert Dalek spearhead. Obey. Obey!

DOCTOR: Romana? (slaps face) Are you all right?

ROMANA: Oh, I think so.

DOCTOR: You did it.

TRINKETT: I don't think you should be congratulating yourselves just yet. We'll be surrounded by Daleks the moment we land.

DOCTOR: Look after Romana, Evelyn. Trinkett, listen to me. I know you've been through a lot. I know you had no choice but to come here when you really want to be back amongst your own people.

TRINKETT: If Archetrix had never sought alliances with aliens

DOCTOR: They did. That's immutable fact and can't be changed, just as we can't bring back Archetrix, just as Romana can't bring back twenty years of her life as the Dalek's slave.

TRINKETT: Doctor, my world has been torn apart. Wiped out for all I know.

DOCTOR: I know. And you told me a short while ago you wanted to help in that chaos, to do something. Trinkett, we can't go back and undo what the Daleks have done, but somehow, perhaps, the four of us can do something to stop them destroying another world. If Gallifrey falls, then imagine what the Daleks will set their sights on next. You don't have to come with us, Trinkett, and that goes for all of you. You should be safe here in the Tardis. I've brought the fight to the Daleks, and I'll fight them alone if need be.

ROMANA: You will not. You'll probably make a beastly mess of things.

EVELYN: And you need me about to tidy them up.

TRINKETT: We'd better get on with it.

DOCTOR: Thank you, all of you.

(Energy weapons fire.)

RELDATH: I want eight man squads stationed at twenty metre intervals along this section.

GUARD: We barely have eight men alive, sir.

RELDATH: All right, groups of three, then. Go on.

VANSELL [OC]: Reldath, what's the situation?

RELDATH: Bad, Coordinator.

VANSELL [OC]: You must hold the Daleks. We may be able to lock that retina they're using out of the security systems.

RELDATH: And what good would that do? This place is littered with casualties. They'll only butcher someone else.

VANSELL [OC]: Just hold them. Reldath.

RELDATH: We'll be blocking the Dalek's way with the sheer volume of corpses if this slaughter continues.

(The Tardis materialises a little way off.)

RELDATH: Wait. That's a Tardis coming through in the cradles, and some of the Daleks are turning back.

DALEK: New orders. Imperative. New orders.

RELDATH: We've got them on the run. Come on, after them. We'll finish them off.

VANSELL [OC]: Reldath, had it occurred to you this could be a trick?

DALEK: New orders. The Doctor is present. Seek, locate, exterminate.

VANSELL [OC]: A trick to be played on the Doctor, it seems. I'm on my way down there.

TRINKETT: Where are your weapons, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Huh? Weapons?

ROMANA: The only arms the Doctor uses are up his sleeve.

EVELYN: For all our sakes I hope he's got a couple of surprises up there, too.

(Tardis doors open.)

(Outside.)

EVELYN: Oh, my God!

TRINKETT: A massacre.

DOCTOR: I don't suppose they were prepared. These are the Tardis cradles, and these were ceremonial guards expecting the arrival of a Monan dignitary.

TRINKETT: Never stood a chance.

EVELYN: Look out, Daleks.

DALEK: (distance) Do not move.

DOCTOR: Wouldn't dream of it.

DALEK: (closer) You are the Doctor?

DOCTOR: How terribly observant of you. No wonder you only need one eye. (sotto) Start moving apart. Get ready to run in different directions.

TRINKETT: We don't stand a chance. There must be twenty of them.

DALEK: You will be

DOCTOR: Exterminated? Yes, I dare say I will. (sotto) Back away, all of you.

ROMANA: Daleks, wait. I'm too old, and frankly, too important to be taking orders from you, Doctor.

EVELYN: That's what I always tell him, but is this really the time for a mutiny?

ROMANA: Daleks, I may have been slave unit one one seven on Etra Prime, but here I am President of the High Council of Time Lords. These people are my subjects, and useful to me, for now at least. I won't have you kill them.

TRINKETT: Is she for real?

DALEK: You are an enemy of the Daleks.

ROMANA: That was when I had a world to escape to. Now? Well, if you'll listen to reason, I could be your ally. You'll achieve your aims far faster with me on your side.

DALEK 2: I will confer with the Black Dalek.

ROMANA: You do that.

(Whispered conversation.)

EVELYN: Doctor, is there something in your eye?

DOCTOR: I'm winking at Romana.

EVELYN: To see if she winks back?

DOCTOR: It's a bluff. It has to be.

TRINKETT: She's playing a dangerous game.

DOCTOR: Just like old times.

EVELYN: I hope you're not so misty eyed that you can't see the little crystals on these Dalek's casings.

DOCTOR: Yes, I had noticed, thank you, Evelyn. Just as on Archetrix.

TRINKETT: Must be a more efficient way for the Daleks to communicate. Look at the way they glow.

DOCTOR: No, look over there.

EVELYN: The cavalry! Vansell.

DOCTOR: Not yet. Not yet. Stay back, you fools. You could all be killed.

ROMANA: Well, Dalek?

DALEK 2: You must prove your loyalty to the Dalek race.

ROMANA: Happily. How about I give you the codes to get your fleet through the transduction barriers?

DALEK 2: You will give us the information at once.

ROMANA: All right, all right. But I have to concentrate.

EVELYN: (sotto) Doctor, you're sure Romana's only bluffing? I mean, she was locked up a very long time. She might have that er, what's it, Stockbridge syndrome?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Stockholm syndrome, where hostages find themselves sympathising with their captors?

EVELYN: Mmm.

DALEK: At once. At once!

DOCTOR: (sotto) There's hardly much that's sympathetic about a Dalek. I only hope Vansell doesn't feel the same as you and try something rash. What can she be up to?

EVELYN: (sotto) Goodness, what a time to be fiddling with her loose change.

DOCTOR: (sotto) The crystal. Yes, of course, it's in her pocket.

DALEK: You will give us the information immediately!

ROMANA: Certainly. Here it is. But be very careful with it. Knowledge like this
(Dalek strangled sound.)

ROMANA: Can blow your twisted, filthy little minds.

DOCTOR: The crystal.

EVELYN: What's she doing?

DOCTOR: Using the Dalek crystal to transfer a few thoughts of her own. Loud ones.

EVELYN: The old clever-clogs.

VANSELL: Fire at will. Fire!

(Energy weapons.)

DOCTOR: Wait till we're clear, you idiots. This is your true President!

ROMANA: I can't keep this up.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, Trinkett, go and join the guards over by the exit. Quickly!

TRINKETT: Right.

DALEK: Alert. Human presence in Dalek neural network.

BLACK: Focus. Focus. We must drive out the intruder.

(Gurgling Daleks. Romana struggles in her mind.)

DOCTOR: Romana?

ROMANA: Doc, Doctor? My mind. The Dalek mind. Touched. I felt. Doctor! The Daleks are using the crystal. Something terrible, something ancient, evil. Something with no boundaries. The apocalypse element. All it can do is kill. Kill everything.

EVELYN: Doctor, get over here, quick. The Daleks look like they're starting to wake up.

(Romana groans.)

DOCTOR: You are coming with me. (effort) There. Twenty years a Dalek slave worker has made you remarkably undernourished and light, you know. (footsteps) Now, if you Daleks would mind staying still long enough for me to get through your ranks.

VANSELL: What's happening?

EVELYN: Oh, it's you again, is it? Romana's done something funny with the Dalek crystal.

VANSELL: And it's affected them? What are you waiting for, Reldath? Open fire while the Daleks are still sluggish.

RELDATH: If I did, Coordinator

EVELYN: You could hit the Doctor.

TRINKETT: Your own President.

VANSELL: We'll never have a better chance. Now, Reldath.

EVELYN: Look out, Doctor!

RELDATH: Open fire.

DOCTOR: Steady! What are you doing, you trigger-happy. Oh. Hello, Vansell. What an entirely expected disappointment.

TRINKETT: Romana, you look terrible.

ROMANA: Vansell, I must speak with the President.

VANSELL: He's in the Council chamber. Guard, escort her.

(Footsteps recede.)

DALEK: Exterminate.

TRINKETT: Down!

(Weapons fire.)

RELDATH: Our stasers can barely scratch them.

DOCTOR: We have to secure this area. The Daleks will soon recover. Now, we must block all possible routes in to the Capitol.

VANSELL: Brilliant, Doctor. We'd never have thought of that, except unfortunately we now know that dead retinas open doors here as well as live ones.

(The Doctor sighs heavily.)

TRINKETT: You never thought to check? What kind of security system is that?

DOCTOR: Complacency, Middle name of most Time Lords.

EVELYN: Well, what about sending more guards?

VANSELL: We're not barbarians. We don't have armies on permanent stand-by. We were caught unawares.

DOCTOR: As ever. If you spent less time in skulduggery and more in

EVELYN: Doctor, I know you and Vansell may not see eye to eye on much, but for Heaven's sake surely we just have to pull together

DOCTOR: Evelyn! Evelyn, you are a genius. (kiss) Yes, that could work. That could do it.

VANSELL: What could?

DOCTOR: Young man. Reldath, is it? Do what you can here.

RELDATH: Coordinator?

VANSELL: Do it.

TRINKETT: I'll stay and help.

EVELYN: Didn't know you could use a gun.

TRINKETT: I've only had the basic training in security compounds, but then, compared to this bunch, I'd say that makes me over-qualified.

DOCTOR: We need as much time as you can buy us.

EVELYN: Our credit'd better be good.

VANSELL: So what is your brilliant idea, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Come on. Operations complex.

BLACK: We have driven the female from our neural network.

DALEK: She has the transference crystal from the gravity wells?

BLACK: Yes, but our plans remain intact.

DALEK: Science unit reports a usable amount of the element has been prepared.

BLACK: You will take the element. You will travel to the centre of galaxy one seven A five three. Then you will set your craft to self-destruct.

DALEK: I obey.

BLACK: Through this act we shall demonstrate the power we hold over the entire universe.

DOCTOR: Vansell, I imagine you have some small power invested in you by the more conventional powers of Gallifrey? Tell these operators to stand down.

VANSELL: All right, leave your posts. Wait outside. If you would only tell me what your plans are

DOCTOR: Time is of the essence, Vansell. I'll explain as I go. Evelyn, sit down.

EVELYN: Happily. My legs are killing me.

DOCTOR: Now, let's have a look at these controls. Vansell, I take it the transduction barriers are operated from here?

VANSELL: Certain of their functions, yes. The President has his own console in the Council chamber with access to our entire defence network.

DOCTOR: That's no small measure of power.

VANSELL: Which is why the CIA have full override.

DOCTOR: I see. Well, none of that's actually relevant to what I'm planning, but it could well come in handy, thank you.

VANSELL: Doctor.

DOCTOR: All right, all right, it's really very simple. Technology here is based on retina scans, yes?

VANSELL: I'm not a child, Doctor.

DOCTOR: A child could see what I was doing in a trice. Think about the current population of this planet. Thousands of privileged Gallifreyans, all enjoying full security access around the Capitol, and then we have just one solitary Evelyn.

VANSELL: You're going to make the Earth woman's retina the master print?

DOCTOR: Exactly. Then wipe all the records. The Daleks won't be able to butcher their way through any more doors. We'll hold the only key.

EVELYN: You make me feel so loved.

VANSELL: But Doctor, the entire planet will be out of bounds to its own population.

DOCTOR: I'm aware it's extreme, Vansell, but if you have any brighter ideas, I'd like to hear them.

Right then. Ready, Evelyn?

EVELYN: Puts a whole new complexion on I D, doesn't it? I suppose so.

COMPUTER: Scan matrix initialising now.

TRINKETT: Look out, Reldath.

(Weapons fire. Boom.)

TRINKETT: The lights!

RELDATH: They must have hit the power lines.

TRINKETT: We're in the dark.

DALEK: (distant) Switching to infrared. Target sighted. Exterminate!

(Dalek weapon, man screams.)

DALEKS: (distant) Exterminate. Exterminate. Exterminate.

TRINKETT: It's hopeless. Move out.

RELDATH: We can't just leave.

TRINKETT: What choice do we have? Give the order.

RELDATH: I, I

VANSELL [OC]: Reldath, you've got seconds to get out of there before the main doors lock you out.

Move! Now!

TRINKETT: Everyone out of here now! Fall back!

RELDATH: All right, do as she says.

(Weapons fire, running.)

PRESIDENT: You are feeling recovered, Romana?

ROMANA: A little stronger, thank you.

PRESIDENT: Do the images you saw in the Dalek crystal mean any more to you now?

ROMANA: It's all so hazy. It felt like my mind actually entered the crystal. I was like an insect looking into an enormous cavern. I sensed the power in there, the power of so many Dalek minds, like a communion.

PRESIDENT: An unholy communion.

(Door opens and closes. Footsteps.)

PRESIDENT: Ah, Doctor, Vansell. Er, mmm?

EVELYN: I'm Evelyn, your Grace. You mean to say you'd forgotten?

PRESIDENT: This is the High Council Chamber of Congress. These may be extraordinary times, but humans have no place

EVELYN: Oh, charming.

DOCTOR: Your xenophobia is misdirected, Lord President. Evelyn is about the most precious commodity Gallifrey now possesses.

VANSELL: To slow down the Daleks, the Doctor's using this woman's retina scan as a master key to all our systems. Gallifreyans and Daleks alike are shut out.

PRESIDENT: What!

ROMANA: Clever, Doctor.

PRESIDENT: It's vandalism. Nothing will work. Tardises won't function. People all over Gallifrey will be trapped in their homes.

DOCTOR: In blissful ignorance that there are Daleks coming round to call. I'd say being stuck inside was the best place for them, wouldn't you? They'll assume it's some kind of tedious glitch in the systems, or they will when they're told as much.

PRESIDENT: The Daleks are doing their best to jam our transmissions. However, I'll try.

VANSELL: Evelyn, you must prime the console here. Communication systems, scanners.

EVELYN: The works. I see. That thing there, is it? Right-o.

(Footsteps.)

PRESIDENT: Should anything happen to the Earth woman

DOCTOR: It won't. I won't let it. But I have a copy of the retina print.

VANSELL: Doctor, our forces will be in disarray with so little technology operational. Some will be cut off, unable to fight. I must walk Evelyn round, pull our men together.

EVELYN: And there's me thinking I'm too old to be giving squaddies the eye.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, be very careful.

EVELYN: With all those lovely men watching out for me? I'll be all right.

VANSELL: Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Vansell.

(Footsteps, door opens and closes.)

ROMANA: Doctor, things are starting to fall into place.

DOCTOR: Tell me.

ROMANA: The ancient essences mined from Etra Prime, they're so delicate, so volatile, they were only viable in the depth of the gravity wells, and could only be handled telekinetically.

DOCTOR: Of course, by mental power alone. The real purpose of the crystal. A focussing device.

ROMANA: Channel-free communication is just a bonus, I'm sure. It must take hundreds of Daleks to keep the network operational.

DOCTOR: And the Dalek mutants, they left their casings to that nothing, not even the interfaces of their travel machines, would hamper the mental link.

PRESIDENT: But why? And what do the Daleks want from us?

DOCTOR: Romana, you said you felt something in the crystal network, something ancient and destructive?

ROMANA: Yes. The element they're creating must be so imbued with mental energy it has, well, it has a resonance, a feel. It was so *evil*, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Romana.

ROMANA: You're going to ask me to look into the crystal again.

DOCTOR: I'd do so myself

ROMANA: But I've been there before. I know. (sighs) All right.

PRESIDENT: Doctor, the experience has weakened her too badly. She must

DOCTOR: She must, Lord President. If we have just some idea of what we're up against, it might help us fight back somehow.

RELDATH: I wonder how long we've got.

TRINKETT: Don't. I'm depressed enough as it is.

RELDATH: Depressed? At least you're not ashamed.

TRINKETT: What?

RELDATH: Back there, in the dark, I let you take command of my men. I froze. We could all have died.

TRINKETT: Look, we're all out of our depths when it comes to the Daleks. Hey, I'm just a barbarian compared to you, Reldath, right? A lowly primitive biped who's got into more fights than she should have over the years. Most recently with our friends the other side of that door. Growing up on Gallifrey's a different matter, I'd guess. Don't suppose someone like you's had much action beyond polishing your breast plate.

RELDATH: None of this seems real. That the Daleks could destroy my world.

TRINKETT: Oh, you'd better believe it, Reldath. It's real.

DOCTOR: That's right, Romana. Now concentrate.

ROMANA: I'm inside.

DOCTOR: Good, Romana. Very good.

ROMANA: Travelling. A feeling of anticipation.

DOCTOR: Yes?

ROMANA: No. I'm space.

PRESIDENT: I'm?

DOCTOR: Her mind's embroiled in the resonance of the crystal. Careful, Romana.

ROMANA: I'm gravity. Seriphia. The centre of Seriphia.

DOCTOR: Seriphia. Romana, is the element in the Seriphia galaxy? Is that what you're saying?

ROMANA: Dalek destroying itself so I can be free. Will be free. Devour the. Devour everything.

DOCTOR: I'll bring up Seriphia on the console display.

PRESIDENT: What would the Daleks want with an unremarkable galaxy

DOCTOR: A neighbouring galaxy. The picture's breaking up. Oh. Let me check the wiring down here.

PRESIDENT: Doctor, the screen!

DOCTOR: What?

BLACK [OC]: Attention Time Lords. Surrender to the Daleks. Surrender or be destroyed.

DOCTOR: I believe I've heard that somewhere before.

BLACK [OC]: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Dalek. Don't you wish you had a name at moments like these?

PRESIDENT: It is the Black Dalek, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Oh, I can see that.

BLACK [OC]: We speak only to the President.

DOCTOR: I'm here with the President. With two Presidents, in fact.

BLACK [OC]: We know you have breached our network.

DOCTOR: So, we've forced your hand, have we? Well, figuratively speaking, of course.

BLACK [OC]: Nothing can stop the Daleks. You will surrender to the Daleks or we will destroy galaxy one seven A five three.

PRESIDENT: An entire galaxy?

DOCTOR: Isn't that a somewhat grandiose claim, even for a Black Dalek?

ROMANA: Doctor! Doctor! Something's building.

BLACK [OC]: We have the means to destroy the entire universe! Do not force us to use it.

PRESIDENT: A ridiculous bluff.

DOCTOR: If you do have the means, what do you want with Gallifrey?

BLACK [OC]: The means of control.

ROMANA: Doctor, it's true.

DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: The element, it's free. Reacting now. (gasps) I'm space. It's reacting with the fabric of space.

DOCTOR: What!

ROMANA: Twisting it, reshaping it. The element will make the universe a tinderbox.

DOCTOR: Oh. With the Daleks holding a lit match to it.

BLACK [OC]: Now you understand.

DOCTOR: What kind of ludicrous, abominable scheme is that? Has it escaped your attention that if you set light to the universe, you burn yourselves out of a home?

BLACK [OC]: The weapon can be contained.

DOCTOR: How?

BLACK [OC]: We have studied the shields on Archetrix. If time is distorted around the effect, space outside will remain inert.

DOCTOR: Of course. Even if the temporal separation is only a billionth of a picosecond, like setting a row of dominoes toppling then taking one away to stop the collapse.

PRESIDENT: And only Gallifrey has such mastery over time and space.

DOCTOR: Yes. But that's not a weapon. It's impractical to use and almost impossibly dangerous to control.

BLACK [OC]: With Gallifrey's resources at our command, augmented by Dalek technology, we will have total mastery over space and time. The universe will bow down to the Daleks, or every living thing shall be exterminated!

EVELYN: Heads up, Trinkett, Reldath. It's the cut-price cavalry.

TRINKETT: Evelyn, Vansell. Thank God.

VANSELL: Evelyn's our key to every door on Gallifrey, Reldath. You're to guard her at all times.

RELDATH: I understand, Coordinator.

VANSELL: Status report?

RELDATH: Well, the door seems to be holding. We've heard nothing for some time.

VANSELL: For how long?

RELDATH: Well

EVELYN: The wall. That heat.

TRINKETT: Back, quick.

(Vibrating sound getting louder. Boom.)

DALEK: Tunnel completed. Proceed.

DALEKS: We obey.

EVELYN: They left you alone so they could head you off.

VANSELL: We've got to get away from here.

TRINKETT: This way.

RELDATH: No, that'll take us back to the landing bay. There'll be Daleks waiting.

DALEK: Do not move.

RELDATH: They've got us trapped.

PRESIDENT: We will never accept your ludicrous demands, Dalek.

BLACK [OC]: You will surrender.

DOCTOR: If we do, we betray the entire universe to the Daleks.

BLACK [OC]: You will surrender!

DOCTOR: Never.
BLACK [OC]: Then you must be shown the power of the Daleks.
ROMANA: No! Doctor!
DOCTOR: What is it?
ROMANA: The crystal! The Black Dalek's going to ignite the element.
DOCTOR: No! You can't!
BLACK [OC]: The Dalek's destiny it to conquer or destroy.
DOCTOR: Romana, it's a mental charge the Dalek's using. Can you stop it, divert it, weaken it?
ROMANA: Oh! Oh! I, I'm trying.
BLACK [OC]: The female's mind is too weak.
DOCTOR: Let me help.
ROMANA: No! It's too late! It's too late! (screams)
PRESIDENT: Romana! She's unconscious. Some kind of psychic shock.
DOCTOR: (furious) Dalek, what have you done!
BLACK [OC]: Observe the screen.
DOCTOR: At the centre of Seriphia, fire. The destruction, it's begun.
BLACK [OC]: Unless the Time Lords act to contain the reaction, galaxy one seven A five three will be totally destroyed.
DOCTOR: And from there it will spread. Death, oh death on such a scale.
PRESIDENT: And if we act to stop it, we shall have to lower the transduction barriers first. We shall be at the Dalek's mercy.
BLACK [OC]: Soon the effect will be beyond containment.
PRESIDENT: Doctor. Doctor, what are we to do?
DOCTOR: What *can* we do? Either the entire universe falls to the Daleks or is reduced to a flaming canker. Either way, it's the end of everything!

[Part Four]

BLACK [OC]: You must act immediately to contain the effect.
DOCTOR: With every second we delay, countless lives on innumerable worlds are lost, devoured.
VANSELL [OC]: This is Vansell. Lord President, Doctor, we're in trouble.
DOCTOR: Vansell, is Evelyn all right?
VANSELL [OC]: The Daleks have got us trapped in section twelve.
DOCTOR: But there isn't time! You don't
PRESIDENT: Every second we delay
DOCTOR: Vansell, I'm on my way. Lord President, look after Romana.
PRESIDENT: But the Daleks, Doctor. The effect. There's no time
DOCTOR: We can't just leave them! I'll be back as soon as I can.

(Exchange of weapons fire.)

RELDATH: We'll never hold them.
VANSELL: Never mind holding them, we've got to find a way through them.
EVELYN: We're sitting ducks out here.
TRINKETT: That masonry. Behind it, quick.
EVELYN: What? That wouldn't shelter a starving field mouse.
VANSELL: It's all we have. Aim for the eye stalks.
DALEK: My vision is impaired. I cannot see. Emergency.
EVELYN: (sotto) One down, twenty to go. What's that smoke?
VANSELL: Steam. They must have ruptured the water supply.
TRINKETT: Make us harder to find.
DALEK 2: Surrender to the Daleks. Obey!
RELDATH: Was that the door?
EVELYN: Not sure. Can't see a thing. There's too much smoke.
TRINKETT: That Dalek you shot in the eye.
RELDATH: It's coming for us.
DALEK: Emergency!
DOCTOR: Well, don't just hide there, help me steer this thing back that way, against the Daleks.
EVELYN: Doctor!

VANSELL: You heard him. That's our shield. Use it to get to the doors.

DALEK: Motive units malfunctioning. Exterminate!

TRINKETT: Pretty dangerous shield.

DOCTOR: Come on, Dalek, move. We've no time for this.

DALEK 2: Under attack. Crush all resistance.

VANSELL: That's it, push it faster.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, Trinkett, the doors are open. Get through them before the Daleks realise, quick.

TRINKETT: Behind me, Evelyn.

EVELYN: Like hiding behind a rake. For heaven's sake, girl, get out of the way and follow me.

DALEK 2: Do not move.

DOCTOR: Reldath, Vansell, one more push should do it.

DALEK: Under attack.

DOCTOR: Run!

DALEK 2: Exterminate.

(Dalek dies.)

(Door closed.)

EVELYN: Doctor, you saved our lives.

DOCTOR: Come on.

TRINKETT: You don't seem very pleased.

DOCTOR: Pleased? The Daleks are setting the entire cosmos alight. And if we try to contain the fire, the Daleks will simply stroll in here, take control, and start the killing all over again.

EVELYN: There's just no answer to that.

VANSELL: What? Doctor. Doctor, wait.

TRINKETT: What did he mean? Setting light to the cosmos?

EVELYN: I should go after him.

RELDATH: Wait, Evelyn, please. It's time to face facts. I think we all know there are no reinforcements coming now.

TRINKETT: We're all that stands in the way of the Daleks?

RELDATH: There's three more bulkheads between here and the Council chamber. Evelyn, if we move that way, and you lock the doors behind us, that will delay the Daleks for a while.

EVELYN: All right.

RELDATH: Then we'll dig in. When the Daleks do come, we'll fire in concentrated bursts. Now, they advance in lines, so, so you three men take the far left, you two the centre, and Trinkett

TRINKETT: I'll take the right, shall I, Commander Reldath?

DALEK: The effect of the element is growing exponentially from the galaxy centre. Rate of destruction is, Gallifrey relative, eighteen light years per second.

BLACK: Is the destruction radial?

DALEK: Yes, and exceeds our predictions by twenty three percent.

BLACK: In six hours, galaxy one seven A five three destroyed.

DALEK: And the effect uncontainable.

BLACK: Alert our forces. They must take the Council chamber at any cost.

(Door opens and closes.)

EVELYN: All right, that's the last of them locked and bolted.

TRINKETT: You sure you won't stay with us?

EVELYN: I'm sorry, Trinkett. I won't have anyone dying over me. I'm going to try and help the Doctor.

(Distant Dalek weapons.)

TRINKETT: Take care, Evelyn.

EVELYN: You too, dear. You too.

DALEK: (distant) The door is weakening. Advance!

PRESIDENT: Now you know all that we do, Vansell.

VANSELL: Why are the Daleks doing this? They're twisted, hostile, but they fight to prolong their survival. To concoct a scheme like this

DOCTOR: I know. It makes no sense.

(Romana groans.)

DOCTOR: Lord President, check on Romana. Can I get a map of the Capitol from this thing?

VANSELL: Yes, here.

ROMANA: Oh!

PRESIDENT: Careful, my dear.

DOCTOR: Come on, Romana. I need you.

ROMANA: I, I'm fine now. Sorry, Doctor. I simply couldn't contain the detonation charge.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't blame yourself. You did everything you could.

PRESIDENT: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Checking the route through to the Eye of Harmony.

VANSELL: The only possible means of controlling the effect.

DOCTOR: We can get started on the process with the barriers still up.

PRESIDENT: That's true. We need only lower them when, when the time comes.

ROMANA: We'll need a formidable array of modulatory controls for it to adapt its power for use in this way.

PRESIDENT: You'll need the Great Sash, Doctor, and the Rod of Rassilon.

DOCTOR: We'll need the everything of Rassilon, Lord President, right down to his purple polka dot pyjamas. Now, Vansell, let me tell you the things I'll need. Telepathically, I think. It's quite a list.

Contact?

VANSELL: Contact.

DOCTOR: All right?

VANSELL: I'll see what I can do.

DOCTOR: Now, where's Evelyn? You'll need her to get about while I use the mock-up ID.

(Door opens.)

EVELYN: Oh, there you are, Doctor.

DOCTOR: And there *you* are, Vansell. Guard her with your life.

VANSELL: Come on, Evelyn. We need to get to the Operations centre.

EVELYN: Oh dear. Am I the incredible walking key again?

DOCTOR: The running key. Go! Quickly.

EVELYN: Nice seeing you, too.

VANSELL: Evelyn, come on.

(Footsteps, door closes.)

DOCTOR: Lord President, stay here and keep an eye on the effect. We need you to keep us updated.

PRESIDENT: I understand, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Romana? Time to go to the Eye of Harmony.

EVELYN: I'd offer to help, but I've no idea what a hyplisic incubator looks like.

VANSELL: Epsilon reticular gauge.

EVELYN: Or one of them, yes. (sighs) What do you think's going to happen?

VANSELL: Either the destructive effect is uncontrollable and we all die, or else we contain the effect but in lowering the transduction barriers the Daleks get in.

EVELYN: And we still die. Cheerful thought.

VANSELL: No sense in fooling ourselves. If we could only get to a Tardis, we could escape back in Time.

EVELYN: But the Daleks hold that place where you keep all your Tardises.

VANSELL: Just as they did on Archetrix. We can't evacuate a single soul. They're working to a tried and tested plan. There's something I'm missing, I know it.

DOCTOR: Well, here we are. The Vault of the Eye of Harmony. Let's get unpacked.

ROMANA: The atmosphere here. You can feel the power, can't you?

DOCTOR: The secret power of a syphoned singularity, the sacred heart of the Time Lords.

ROMANA: And we're reducing it to the equivalent of an electric socket.

DOCTOR: Well, that's all it is when you strip away the mystical mumbo-jumbo. A phenomenal power source. Come on, get the Sash rigged up. I'll construct the generator loops. If we can only harness the energies of the Eye.

ROMANA: And use them to power the gravitron, enabling it to an area far larger than it was designed to hold.

DOCTOR: And if luck is very much on our side

ROMANA: Then there is a slim chance we might contain the effect. What are we really doing? If we

prove this lash-up will work, only to let the Daleks just glide in and take it, we're just prolonging the universe's agony.

DOCTOR: We're saving lives.

ROMANA: So they can be lived out under threat of death from the Daleks?

DOCTOR: So they have the choice. Let's get on with it.

RELDATH: Listen to that. It sounds like the Daleks are throwing themselves against the doors.

TRINKETT: Mmm. Quite frantic, aren't they?

RELDATH: Wait. Those explosions we heard.

TRINKETT: That self-destruction thing they did back on Archetrix? Of course. They must be doing more damage to the doors that way.

RELDATH: Less Daleks to deal with, I suppose.

TRINKETT: Shows you how confident they are of victory. Or how desperate they're starting to become.

PRESIDENT: Calling the Castellan. Emergency Council, respond please.

(Static.)

PRESIDENT: Please?

BLACK [OC]: Time Lords, we are blocking your communications. You will hear us.

PRESIDENT: What is it you want, Dalek?

BLACK [OC]: The reaction is spreading faster than predicted. There is insufficient time to contain it without Dalek assistance.

PRESIDENT: You must take us for fools.

BLACK [OC]: You will lower the transduction barrier.

PRESIDENT: I will not be your slave, Dalek. We have nothing more to discuss.

(Door opens and closes. Footsteps.)

PRESIDENT: Vansell, Evelyn. You were successful?

VANSELL: I patched through the gravitron controls to the Eye chamber.

PRESIDENT: And if that power will not suffice?

VANSELL: The Doctor thinks we can rig up some boosting equipment. A lot of the parts are stored in sector five.

PRESIDENT: It will take you some time to reach there.

EVELYN: We thought we'd take this lot to the Doctor first.

PRESIDENT: Hurry. Even the Daleks have underestimated the force they've unleashed.

VANSELL: They told you that?

PRESIDENT: They said the only way to contain it was to let them help us. And if, if they're telling the truth.

EVELYN: They'd say anything to make you let them in.

PRESIDENT: You're right, of course.

EVELYN: Of course I'm right. Now come along. Open sesame!

(Door opens.)

PRESIDENT: You are right. You have to be.

ROMANA: The couplings are holding.

DOCTOR: Good. Let's hope they'll hold the charge from this little lash-up. You'd better feed the figures through to the President. Tell him what power levels we can achieve, then his computers can work how much time we have left before, well, before this ends one way or the other. Perhaps while they're at it, they can work out how many lives we can still save, how many worlds we might keep hanging in cold dark space before the firestorm hits and they're all gone forever.

ROMANA: Doctor, I understand how you're feeling, but we have to remain objective, stay detached.

DOCTOR: Be true to our heritage? Remain emotionless observers.

ROMANA: Of we let emotion cloud our judgement, and we make a mistake

DOCTOR: All right. All right, yes.

ROMANA: I'll give the President our estimates. (beeps) Lord President, I have some figures for you.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn and Vansell, at last. What kept you?

VANSELL: I had to cannibalise three different machines for some of those parts.

DOCTOR: Give them here.

EVELYN: (words uncertain)

DOCTOR: No choice. Now, this should do for a first run. Romana, help me. Powering up. Vansell, this panel here approximates the gravitron console in the Operations complex? Right, good. Here we go then.

ROMANA: We've run no proper tests.

DOCTOR: There's no time to do this by the book.

ROMANA: What book? Half the science we've used is nonsense.

DOCTOR: No change there, then. Increasing power.

ROMANA: Lord President, are you registering the power build?

PRESIDENT [OC]: I am. Range achieved. Enlarge the energy field.

DOCTOR: Here's the tricky bit.

ROMANA: Field radial diameter expanding to ninety thousand light years.

EVELYN: That's big, isn't it?

VANSELL: It's too much. Far too much. The Eye won't cope.

DOCTOR: There's no other way.

PRESIDENT [OC]: You must hurry. The effect has almost exceeded that boundary.

DOCTOR: Romana?

ROMANA: Feeding through auxiliary power.

DOCTOR: She's taking it.

ROMANA: Must you anthropomorphise every piece of machinery you come across?

DOCTOR: Converting the power. Yes! Yes! She's holding.

EVELYN: Oh, well done, Doctor.

ROMANA: No! Output destabilising.

DOCTOR: Steady. Come on now. Don't loose it.

ROMANA: It's no good. The flux comparator's shorting out.

DOCTOR: No, no, we can still

ROMANA: Doctor, we'll blow ourselves to smithereens if you don't power down.

DOCTOR: Powering down.

PRESIDENT [OC]: Boundaries exceeded. The effect remains uncontained.

ROMANA: I'll get started on repairs.

DOCTOR: Bah! Worthless machine.

EVELYN: Well, kicking the thing's not going to do it

DOCTOR: I need the boosters. Why have you not gone for them?

EVELYN: We're going for them now. Doctor, I've never seen you so upset.

DOCTOR: You can't take it in, can you? Oh, the blessing of a human mind.

EVELYN: Well, if you're going to be all high and mighty.

DOCTOR: It's a matter of perspective, Evelyn. Let's take your own galaxy, the Milky Way. An area of space so vast that if it were reduced to the size of the United States of America, the Earth would be less than the smallest mote of dust, barely visible through an electron microscope.

EVELYN: Oh.

VANSELL: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Seriphia is four times as large as the Milky Way, and in just a few hours six hundred billion stars will be as snuffed out candles to a new sun, a ball of fire four hundred thousand light years across. And from there it will spread on and on and on through the hundred billion other galaxies in the universe. The death toll will be as incalculable as it will be absolute. And by the end there'll be nothing left! Nothing!

VANSELL: You've made your point, Doctor.

EVELYN: All right, Doctor. I understand. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, all right?

DOCTOR: No. No, Evelyn. No, *I'm* sorry.

EVELYN: We can still stop the Daleks, can't we?

DOCTOR: Of course we can. And we will. I'd better help Romana with the repairs.

EVELYN: Come on, Vansell. Let's get the man what he needs.

VANSELL: Good luck, Doctor.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Good luck, Vansell? Things really are serious.

ROMANA: While you were waxing lyrical, the President gave me the results of the equations.

DOCTOR: And?

ROMANA: The effect's moving faster. I reckon that even with the boosters configured, we've got less than an hour before the destruction outstrips our capacity to contain it.

DOCTOR: Less than an hour. Come on, we have to be ready.

PRESIDENT: (sotto) No time. No time at all. May my people forgive me for what I am to do. (loud)
Black Dalek, this is the President of Gallifrey.

BLACK [OC]: Speak.

PRESIDENT: As you say, the effect is spiralling out of control. I don't believe you wish to perish, but I need proof of your good intent. I will not leave Gallifrey defenceless without a show of trust.

BLACK [OC]: Continue.

PRESIDENT: Order your Dalek forces here to self-destruct. If you do so, I will place my own life in your hands. I will be your willing prisoner, and will allow a limited unarmed Dalek scientific presence through the transduction barriers in my own ship.

BLACK [OC]: These terms are unacceptable.

PRESIDENT: Consider them, Dalek, or die with the rest of us.

BLACK [OC]: These are the Dalek's terms.

PRESIDENT: Go on.

DOCTOR: How's the flux comparator doing now?

ROMANA: Hard to say. It's changing.

DOCTOR: Let me see. Hmm. So it does. Oh, that's flux for you.

ROMANA: Now what?

DOCTOR: We calibrate the range so it's as broad as we dare, and try again. Where have Vansell and Evelyn got to with those parts?

EVELYN: Everywhere's so deserted.

VANSELL: Evacuated.

EVELYN: Where to?

VANSELL: I don't know. The north, perhaps? There was never any provision for catastrophe like this. It has happened so easily.

EVELYN: Well, you'll know for next time. Oh, these things weigh a ton. Don't you have, I don't know, robotic drones or something to do the heavy lifting?

VANSELL: Only primitives depend on robots.

EVELYN: You'd save yourself a lot of hernias.

(Noise off.)

EVELYN: What was that?

VANSELL: What?

EVELYN: Listen. You are certain this part of the Capitol's been evacuated?

PRESIDENT: You have done well, Commander Reldath.

RELDATH: You must get to shelter. It's not safe here.

TRINKETT: Don't tell me you've got a taste for the front line now?

PRESIDENT: It is my duty to speak to the Daleks.

RELDATH: But Lord President.

PRESIDENT: The Daleks claim they want to help us. Time is running out, and we must do all we can. I've spoken with the Black Dalek, who has given me his word that his Daleks won't harm us and will submit to disarmament.

TRINKETT: Disarmament? What, provided we let them through first?

PRESIDENT: They will then proceed to help the Doctor.

TRINKETT: After all the Daleks have done, you'd trust *them*? The Doctor said they'd set the universe alight.

PRESIDENT: And the Doctor and Romana have tried already to contain the effect. They have failed, and I have grave doubts of any further attempts proving successful if not aided.

TRINKETT: But you don't have grave doubts about dealing with Daleks.

PRESIDENT: The Daleks have one urge that is as strong as their impulse to conquer, and that is to survive. If the universe should perish, so too will the Daleks.

(Bang, crash.)

TRINKETT: They're almost through.

PRESIDENT: Good. They will find me waiting. I will go to meet them, alone.

RELDATH: But you can't, Lord President.

PRESIDENT: I have agreed it with the Black Dalek. I must make the show of trust myself. If I am wrong in this, and if the Daleks should kill me, continue to defend Gallifrey, Commander Reldath, until the end.

(Footsteps.)

RELDATH: We can't let him do this.

TRINKETT: Come on, we'll follow.

(Scraping noise.)

EVELYN: There it is again. That noise.

VANSELL: I heard it too.

EVELYN: Well, quite.

DALEK: (distant) Do not move.

EVELYN: Daleks! Here?

VANSELL: When the Doctor opened the doors to save us, one of them must have got through and doubled round behind.

DALEK: (distant) You will surrender to the Daleks.

EVELYN: Run. Come on, round the corner.

DALEK: (distant) Halt, or you will be exterminated.

(Weapons fire.)

EVELYN: My leg!

VANSELL: Evelyn, you have to get up.

EVELYN: I can't. I can't even feel my leg, let alone move it.

VANSELL: Proximity to the Dalek ray. The paralysis should pass.

EVELYN: Very reassuring.

VANSELL: If the Daleks get hold of you, they'll have to anywhere on Gallifrey.

EVELYN: Look, Vansell. That Dalek is on his own, and he's armed. He'd need some kind of, I don't know, butcher's knife to cut my eyes out like that other poor fellow. Therefore he'll need to keep me alive. And while I'm alive, I'm safe. Reasonably. But if the Doctor doesn't get these boosters. Here, can you manage?

VANSELL: I'll have to. All right, the Dalek's coming. Delay it for as long as you can.

DALEK: Halt! Halt!

EVELYN: You mustn't mind him, he's hard of hearing.

DALEK: Exterminate.

EVELYN: No, no, don't. Don't. It's *my* eyes that the security scans respond to. *My* eyes.

DALEK: Verify what you say is true.

EVELYN: I will. Oh. I will, if I can walk. Ow!

DALEK: Rise!

EVELYN: Sorry, Doctor.

DALEK: Rise!

EVELYN: You could help a girl up, Dalek. A pretty face like mine could open a lot of doors for you.

(Bulkhead door opens, footsteps.)

DALEK: You are the President of the Time Lords?

PRESIDENT: That is correct. You see, Daleks? I am keeping my side of the bargain I have made with your leader. The Black Dalek has assured me that you will disarm. Allow me to disassemble your weapons.

DALEK: We submit.

PRESIDENT: Thank you.

EVELYN: All right, Dalek. Here we go. Are you watching carefully? I simply place my eye here.

(Bubbles and beeps, door opens.)

EVELYN: And hey presto. Oh, hang on, his crystal's glowing. Must be having a natter. (Dalek) Yes, I picked up this Earth female with the most astounding eyes.

DALEK: Dalek scout to troop leader. Retina override now in Dalek control. Access to Council chamber now assured.

PRESIDENT: Your weapon, Dalek. Release it. (clicks) Thank you. I acknowledge the trust you show in allowing me your weapon. That crystal under your casing is glowing. What are you

DALEK: We no longer require Gallifrey's cooperation. Exterminate!

PRESIDENT: What?

RELDATH: Lord President.

(Dalek weapon fires. The President cries out.)

RELDATH: No!

TRINKETT: He's dead, Reldath. There's nothing we can do.

RELDATH: We can grab that Dalek's gun.

DALEK: (distant) Exterminate!

RELDATH: With pleasure!

(Weapon fires, boom, Dalek gurgles.)

TRINKETT: Well done, Reldath.

DALEK: (distant) Advance.

TRINKETT: Come on, you must leave him. Fall back!

DALEK: Gallifrey will fall to the Daleks. Advance. Crush resistance.

(Running stops.)

TRINKETT: No way of locking the doors now. What can we do now? Where can we go?

RELDATH: The Doctor's our last chance. We must try to get to the Eye of Harmony. Come on.

DALEK: The Council chamber has been taken. Transduction barrier shut down. Squad proceeding to the Eye of Harmony.

BLACK: All units prepare to mobilise. Gallifrey belongs to the Daleks!

DOCTOR: Well?

ROMANA: I think we're about there.

VANSELL: I can't get through to the President.

DOCTOR: We need to know our parameters. Without him monitoring

VANSELL: I'll go.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn!. Evelyn, you're safe.

EVELYN: And sorry.

DOCTOR: Sorry?

DALEK: Do not move.

DOCTOR: Well, if we don't move, then very soon you and everything else will cease to exist, so maybe under the circumstance, hmm?

DALEK: You will await Dalek orders.

DOCTOR: Oh, with bated breath. Do you mind moving out of the doorway? You're blocking my light.

(Weapon fires, Dalek gurgles.)

DOCTOR: How very cooperative.

ROMANA: What in the world? Oh, it's you, Trinkett.

EVELYN: And Reldath. I'm so pleased you're all right.

TRINKETT: We followed you all the way here. So that's the Eye. It's so huge! Incredible.

EVELYN: Imagine it with a bit of mascara.

DOCTOR: Power up, Romana.

VANSELL: I must get to the President in the Council chamber.

RELDATH: I wouldn't bother. The Daleks are right behind us, and the President's dead.

VANSELL: What?

RELDATH: The Daleks betrayed him.

ROMANA: Dead? No.

DOCTOR: One more life lost.

ROMANA: Doctor, without the President to shut off the transduction barriers when the power reaches critical

DOCTOR: I know, I know. But let's reach that point first, shall we? If the Daleks have taken control

EVELYN: It's only a matter of time before they come for us.

DOCTOR: Energy building. Feeding in the boosters now.

ROMANA: That's a frightening amount of power.

DOCTOR: Time to give it a focus. Open the Eye of Harmony.

ROMANA: The eye scan's not. Doctor, it's not working.

DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: Oh, of course. Evelyn, it's your doing. Stand over by that pillar, and when the light shines up, look into it.

EVELYN: Give me a moment.

ROMANA: To think, a human, opening the Eye of Harmony.

EVELYN: Oh! It is bright, isn't it.

TRINKETT: The Eye's opening. The energy!

DOCTOR: Power still building.

ROMANA: I can feel it. Even with the Sash diffusing its energies, I can *feel* it. Warming, stirring. Are you sure we can control this?

DOCTOR: We have to control it. We have to jolt three hundred thousand light years of space just that tiniest fraction of a second into the future.

EVELYN: This place is going to come crashing round our ears.

DOCTOR: All of you, into the corner. Take whatever shelter you can.

TRINKETT: The Daleks will be here any moment.

DOCTOR: Your sense of timing, young lady, leaves a lot to be desired.

TRINKETT: The Dalek ship. They're materialising *here*.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Hurry, Romana.

ROMANA: These readings. Doctor, we don't have enough power.

DOCTOR: We must do. We're so close. We can't fail now.

ROMANA: Look at these figures. It's no good. We can't bridge the energy shortfall.

DOCTOR: We'll give it everything.

ROMANA: That *is* everything.

EVELYN: Look out, you two. Daleks!

RELDATH: It must be a full invasion force. They'll kill us.

VANSELL: It's all over.

TRINKETT: That one there, is that their leader?

VANSELL: Yes, the Black Dalek himself. Get back against the wall. The other Daleks, they're here too.

EVELYN: Oh dear. Do you think they'll kill us all?

BLACK: Proceed. Join main party. Observe.

DALEKS: We obey.

TRINKETT: Looks like they've got better things to do.

RELDATH: We'll find out soon enough.

BLACK: Doctor.

DOCTOR: Well, well, here you are.

BLACK: You have not contained the effect.

DOCTOR: And you've signed the death warrant for the entire universe.

BLACK: Move away from the controls.

DOCTOR: Or you'll do what? The threat of death isn't a very strong one right now. Your Apocalypse element will engulf us all before long.

ROMANA: Oh, get off me, Dalek! Oh, all right, all right, you can have the controls.

BLACK: Enlarging radius of containment field.

DOCTOR: Futile. There just isn't enough power. It's as simple as that.

BLACK: You have the transference crystal.

ROMANA: That's right.

BLACK: Take it from her.

ROMANA: No, keep away from me.

DOCTOR: Romana, here, give it to me. Howzat!

BLACK: Advance on the Doctor.

(Door opens.)

EVELYN: Look at them all, gathered round him like bullies. What are they doing?

TRINKETT: They're going to push him into the Eye.

EVELYN: No!

DOCTOR: What are you doing?

BLACK: The power of the Eye of Harmony can be boosted with Dalek mental energy.

DOCTOR: A cupful of water in an ocean.

BLACK: It will suffice. Daleks, begin.

(Explosions, the Doctor yelping.)

ROMANA: The energy, it's indescribable!

DOCTOR: The heat from all those Dalek crystals.

ROMANA: Doctor, the power levels are rising.

DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: Still climbing. Doctor, critical level almost achieved!

BLACK: The Eye of Harmony. Throw the transference crystal into the Eye.

ROMANA: Now!

DOCTOR: Everybody down!

(KaBOOM! then silence.)

EVELYN: We're still here.

TRINKETT: The Daleks. Are they all dead? What's happened?

ROMANA: I'm going to the Council chamber. We have to know for sure.

(Footsteps.)

VANSELL: Whatever happened, the Daleks did it.

DOCTOR: They must have had a thousand Dalek minds focussed in that crystal by the end. Each one pouring in every scintilla of their life essence to boost the power. Look at them. Drained dry. They overestimated Gallifreyan technology and underestimated the power of the element they'd created.

BLACK: (weak) No, Doctor. We prepared the crystal for such an eventuality.

EVELYN: It's alive.

DOCTOR: Only just.

ROMANA [OC]: Vansell, this is Romana.

VANSELL: Go on.

ROMANA [OC]: The scanner confirms it. Seriphia is all but consumed by the fireball, but the effect has been contained.

EVELYN: Oh, my goodness.

TRINKETT: Yes! Oh, well done, Doctor.

VANSELL: It's over. It's over.

RELDATH: To the end, Lord President.

DOCTOR: All those lives. So many magical worlds I'll never know.

VANSELL: Doctor, wait. The time field around Seriphia won't be stable.

DOCTOR: Seems the Daleks have thought of that, too. Look at the readings here. Before the Dalek operator died, it set time within the containment field into acceleration.

VANSELL: Allowing the effect to run its course.

ROMANA [OC]: It, it's incredible! Even as I watch, the effect is dying away, and in its place is new matter. Nebulae, stars, planets. The building blocks of a new galaxy, they're all forming.

DOCTOR: Life from death. You hear that, Dalek? Life wins.

BLACK: No, Doctor. We knew the weapon to be too dangerous and unstable to be used to destroy a galaxy. But we have created a galaxy, one the Daleks are poised to invade.

TRINKETT: What?

DOCTOR: No!

BLACK: A galaxy the Daleks will occupy without resistance. We shall rule over a million Skaros, Doctor. We shall form a power base from which the Daleks will become the supreme power of the universe.

DOCTOR: You gambled with the universe simply to propagate your endless war against it.

BLACK: Life falls. The Daleks have attained victory.

(Weapon fires, boom!)

TRINKETT: No, you'll never win!

EVELYN: Trinkett, do you think you could put down the Dalek gunstick now? Is that it now?

DOCTOR: (sighs) This battle is over, at last.

EVELYN: Good. Because in that case, I think you could do with a little sit-down.

TANNOY: All Gallifreyans. The state of emergency is ended. The High Council are meeting shortly. Further instructions will follow. We repeat. The state of emergency is ended.

EVELYN: I'm relieved to hear it. And relieved to see the Tardis again too.

DOCTOR: Indeed. (pats the Tardis) But don't look too closely. With the very trace of your eye scan still lingering in the security matrices, who knows what effect you could have on the old girl. Come on, time we were slipping away.

EVELYN: Time for a good long rest. (footsteps) Look out, the boss has seen you skiving.

ROMANA: Doctor? You're not leaving, surely? There's so much to be done.

DOCTOR: And I'm sure you'll do it splendidly, Madam President. Even with Vansell here still doing his best to mess things up.

VANSELL: You mess up half the planet, Doctor, and leave just as the clearing up begins.

TRINKETT: Well, I've got my own cleaning up to do. Reldath has checked out Archetryx for me.

RELDATH: The devastation was extreme, but there are survivors, just as there are on the Monan Host world.

EVELYN: That's wonderful.

DOCTOR: And much to Vrint's delight, I'm sure. Do you need a lift?

TRINKETT: Reldath is taking me.

EVELYN: Ah.

DOCTOR: Romana, you will help these worlds recover, won't you?

ROMANA: I will, Doctor. Just as I'll ensure Seriphia doesn't fall to the Daleks. Gallifrey will not tolerate a Dalek Empire on its doorstep. We'll never be defenceless again.

EVELYN: Well, here's to survivors the universe over.

DOCTOR: Life does win, whatever the Daleks may say.